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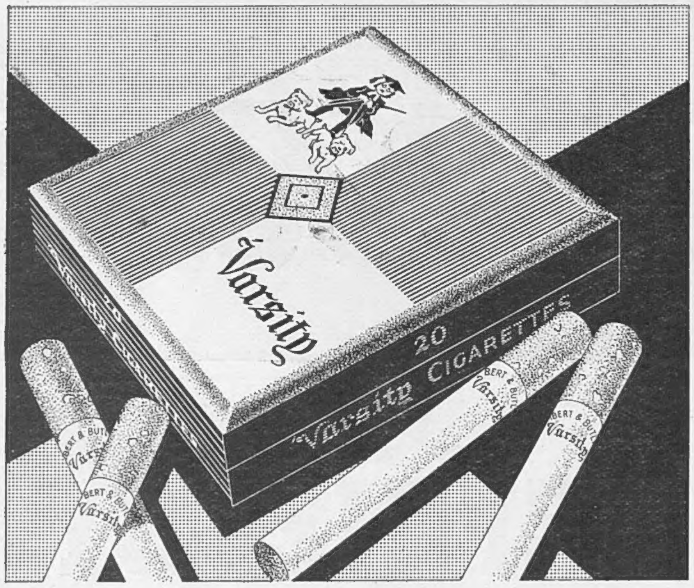

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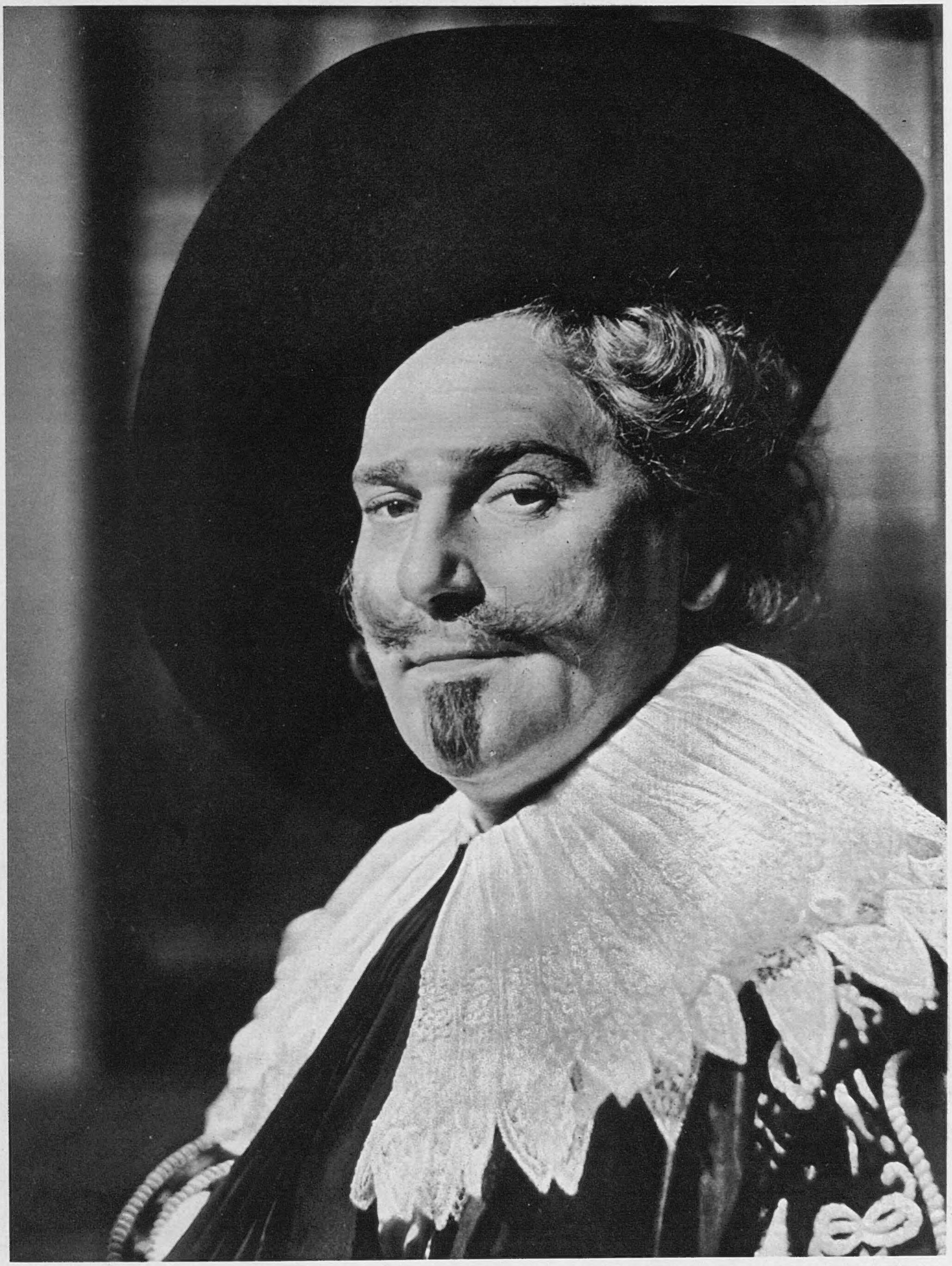
The Sketch

No. 2335—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1937. ONE SHILLING



PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER": A LIVING FRANS HALS.

The original of "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," *Frans Hals' most famous picture, is introduced as one of the central characters in the musical play of that name at the Adelphi.* ARTHUR MARGETSON *takes the part of the Cavalier, and, as our photograph shows, succeeds in looking very like him. Frans Hals is played by John Garrick and Irene Eisinger appears as his wife.*

B

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

VANG FANG.—III.

IT is a sad thought, but, in a materially-minded world, quality in wine expresses itself, in the last analysis, in terms of hard cash. Fine wines are expensive—they are expensive, nowadays, even in the countries which produce them—and they cannot be had for a song, any more than good cigars can be had for a song. At least, there is one way of getting them cheap, but it is not always practicable. You can get first-rate French wines at small cost if you are prepared to buy them young in cask and to bottle them as soon as they are ready. The process is much easier than most people imagine: any good wine-merchant will do the whole business for you, and a two-year-old claret of blue blood can be delivered at your door in bottle at a cost of little more than 30s. a dozen, including price, bottling, freight and insurance. But to many people this is not really an economy, for it means locking up capital and involves problems of storage which are insoluble for a generation of flat-dwellers. If cellars *must* give place to bomb-proof shelters, then I suppose Bacchus must retire in favour of his old ally, Mars.

COVER FOR THE GUESTS.

DRAWN BY VICKY.

But most of us need not bother about "fancy" wines. We do not aspire to Château Yquem or aged Lafite—still less to Cabinet Hocks, with names as long as your arm, at £5 the bottle. Champagne now and then we may regard as one of our calculated extravagances—which are often far better investments than some of our calculated economies. Vintage port, perhaps, we *should* like to be able to offer to our friends; but, personally, I doubt whether it is worth its cost to the ordinary wine-drinker—but, then, I am prejudiced, since I regard port as liquid confectionery rather than as wine. Luxuries like these—whether they are worth their price or not—are simply beyond the reach of most of us. But all good wine is not a luxury or an extravagance. It can be had at quite moderate prices, provided that it is bought intelligently.

Nor is it necessary to be a connoisseur in order to buy with reasonable discrimination. There are a few elementary things to be known; and the first of these is to be able to read a label. That sounds obvious enough; yet it is a simple lesson which is far too seldom learned. Take the Bordeaux wines, which are perhaps the most complicated. Most people know, or ought to know, that a claret label bears the name of the Château or vineyard which produces it, and also the name of the *commune* in which the vineyard is situated—for example, "Château Lafite (Pauillac)," or "Château Margaux (Margaux)." But beyond these local names (which are strictly protected by law) there are the names of the five larger regions or divisions of the Bordeaux growths—Médoc, Graves, Sauternes, Saint-Emilion, and Pomerol. The vineyard and communal names are the only safe guide: and labels which bear only regional names, such as Médoc, Médoc-Supérieur, Saint-Estèphe, Saint-Julien, Graves, Barsac, or (in the case of Burgundy) Beaune, may mean something, or may mean nothing at all. The same is not equally true of Rhine wines, with one curious exception. By an accident of history and law, "Liebfraumilch" is a name applicable, without geographical significance, to a *type* of wine—a type associated with the Liebfrauenkirche district of the Rheinhessen. There are excellent wines of this type, but the mere name is no safe guide; and if you want the genuine and original Liebfraumilch, you must look for the name of Langenbach, of Worms, on the label.

It is well to know something of vintage years, but it is easy to exaggerate their importance, and I always suspect those who are too glib in this matter. With regard to port and champagne, the question is really decided for us by "the trade," though "the trade" occasionally makes a bad guess—as it did, I should venture to opine, with the 1923 champagnes. Setting aside these special cases, all one can really say of a "recommended" year (except one which is universally agreed to be exceptional) is that the buyer is *more likely* to get a good wine of that year than of less climatically favoured years. But it often happens that in an obscure year, while most of the wine is undistinguished, certain districts may produce admirable wines. The most magnificent Burgundy I have ever tasted was a Chambolle Musigny of 1903—and yet you will not find 1903 in any official list of famous Burgundy years. I have in my little cellar a Grand Chambertin of 1919, and a very simple Volnay of 1924. If I am honest with myself, I must confess that I greatly prefer the commoner of an unremarkable year to the aristocrat of 1919, who is altogether too heavy a swell for my taste. Again, experts sometimes differ sharply about years—they are still quarrelling, for example, about the 1929 clarets. The year of a wine is a valuable guide, based on skilled opinion, but there is no infallible magic about it.

Nor should much weight be attached to the official, and curiously arbitrary classification of the *crus*, or growths. It contains many surprises for the ordinary amateur. Most people, for example, have heard of Mouton Rothschild as a great claret, and yet it is not among the "classed" First Growths, which are only four—Lafite, Margaux, Latour, and Haut Brion. Some very fine and typical Médoc wines, like Beychevelle and Mouton d'Armailhacq, are down among the Fourth and Fifth Growths. There is no relation, necessarily, between the classified *cru* and the price.

A word, to conclude, on the age-long controversy between claret and Burgundy. One must yield to the almost unanimous opinion of connoisseurs that a fine claret is the most delicate and subtle red wine in existence. Nevertheless, I am not ashamed to confess myself a "Burgundy man"—but for a purely practical reason. Really fine clarets are extremely expensive, and most of us rarely taste them. Middle-class clarets on the other hand, often suffer from a certain degree of astringency (due chiefly to tannin), while middle-class Burgundies are, for the most part, smoother wines and easier for the ordinary palate to appreciate. On the whole, therefore, for reasons which I fear are utilitarian, Burgundy for me; but, of course, if you have any Margaux of, say, 1904, for which you have no immediate use, I am always open to conviction! And if you can spare, say, a grandee Berncastler Doktor, you can take your pick of *any* red wine in my modest collection!

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood comes home before he is wanted.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

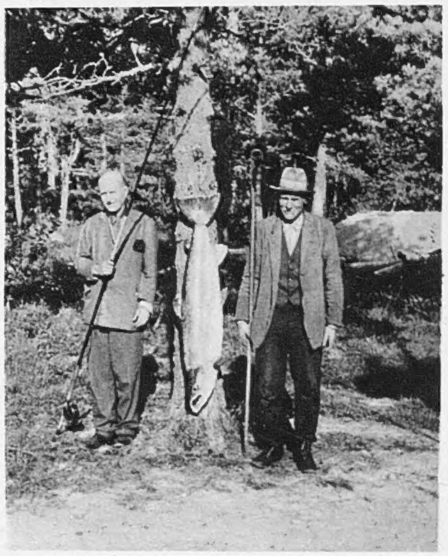
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

THOUGH a good many anglers have tried to catch tunny off Cornwall this season, results have been even more disheartening than last year, when several were hooked. There is one unconfirmed report of a small tunny of about 50 lb. or 60 lb. being hooked and played for twenty minutes, but details are lacking beyond the bare statement that it was hooked near the Logan Rock and that the boat was out from Falmouth. Also it is reported that a large fish of some kind—presumably a tunny—took a baited hook attached to a pellet, dragging this large float under for an appreciable time before it broke away. I fancy these two reports relate to one incident. Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry is down there now, trying out his new reel, but so far he has not had any luck. From all accounts, the numbers of tunny seen are considerably less than last year. Dr. S. Greenwood Penny, of Marazion, informed me recently that he saw tunny jumping about half a mile south-west of St. Michael's Mount. This appears to be about the eastward limit of their feeding grounds, as only occasional fish have been seen to the east of this point. Dr. Penny stated that it was the first time he had seen tunny, though he has fished Mount's Bay for over thirty years. Although at first he thought they were porpoises, he could see they were tunny on approaching closer, and he managed to take a good snapshot of one of them.

WARNER BAXTER *is a keen big-game fisherman. He is shown with his "stand-in" friend,* **FRANK McGRATH,** *with a fine day's bag of* **SWORDFISH** *at Catalina. It will be remembered that, as we explained in our last week's issue, a film-star's "stand-in" is the man who walks his parts in order to get the focussing, lighting and timing right and so saves him unnecessary fatigue.*

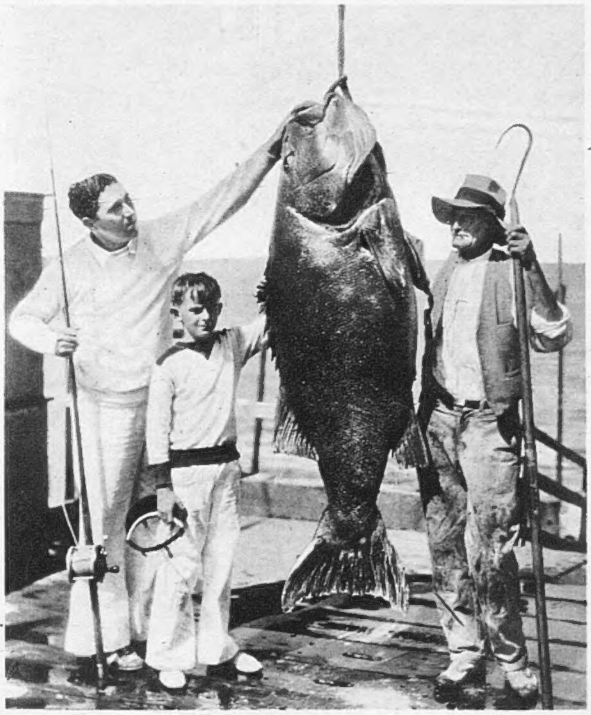
American Methods Tried on Cornish Tunny. An English angler who has studied the methods of American anglers at Miami and other big-game fishing resorts told me, on his return from a fortnight in Cornwall, that he had tried a 40-ft. outrigger for trolling, but the motor-boats which can be hired in Cornwall are not like the American cabin-cruisers, on which the outriggers can be fitted high up on the roof of the cabin. He tried an interesting experiment while down there, to find out the pull on the line while trolling a bait. With 450 yards of 140-lb. breaking strain tunny-line, trolling at six miles an hour, the spring balance registered a pull of 34 lb. This gives some idea of the way the line helps in playing a fish, and also why lines sometimes break when the angler has no strain on, for a tunny can travel at more than six miles an hour.

Ingenious Fish-Marking Method. Many different methods of marking fish to obtain knowledge of their movements have been tried since Izaak Walton's time, but quite the most ingenious has been used recently in British Columbia. In this case the object was to throw light on the migrations of pilchards and herrings, and the problem to overcome was a very difficult one, as the fish are caught in bulk and not handled separately, but passed by the ton in mechanical conveyors to dry-salting plants or to plants producing fish-meal. Obviously it was impracticable to mark such fish in the way salmon are tagged, by wiring a small silver label to the dorsal fin. However, Dr. G. A. Rounsefell and Mr. E. H. Dahlgren, United States Bureau of Fisheries, hit on an idea which has produced results, though still in the developmental stage. The herrings and pilchards are marked by making an incision through the skin midway between the opercle and vent, and pushing inside the body cavity a small iron label bearing a serial number. The fish is then returned to the water. How are these fish carrying labels in their tummies to be picked out from the others when caught? This is a puzzle until you know the answer. A powerful electro-magnet is placed at a certain point in the trough through which the fish are conveyed, and directly it detects a tag a trap-door is operated and the marked fish, with a few others, is dropped out. This system is in use both in British Columbia and in California, and results have been moderately successful. During 1936-37, about 16,000 herrings were marked, and from about 1652 tons of herrings tested, forty-three tags were recovered.



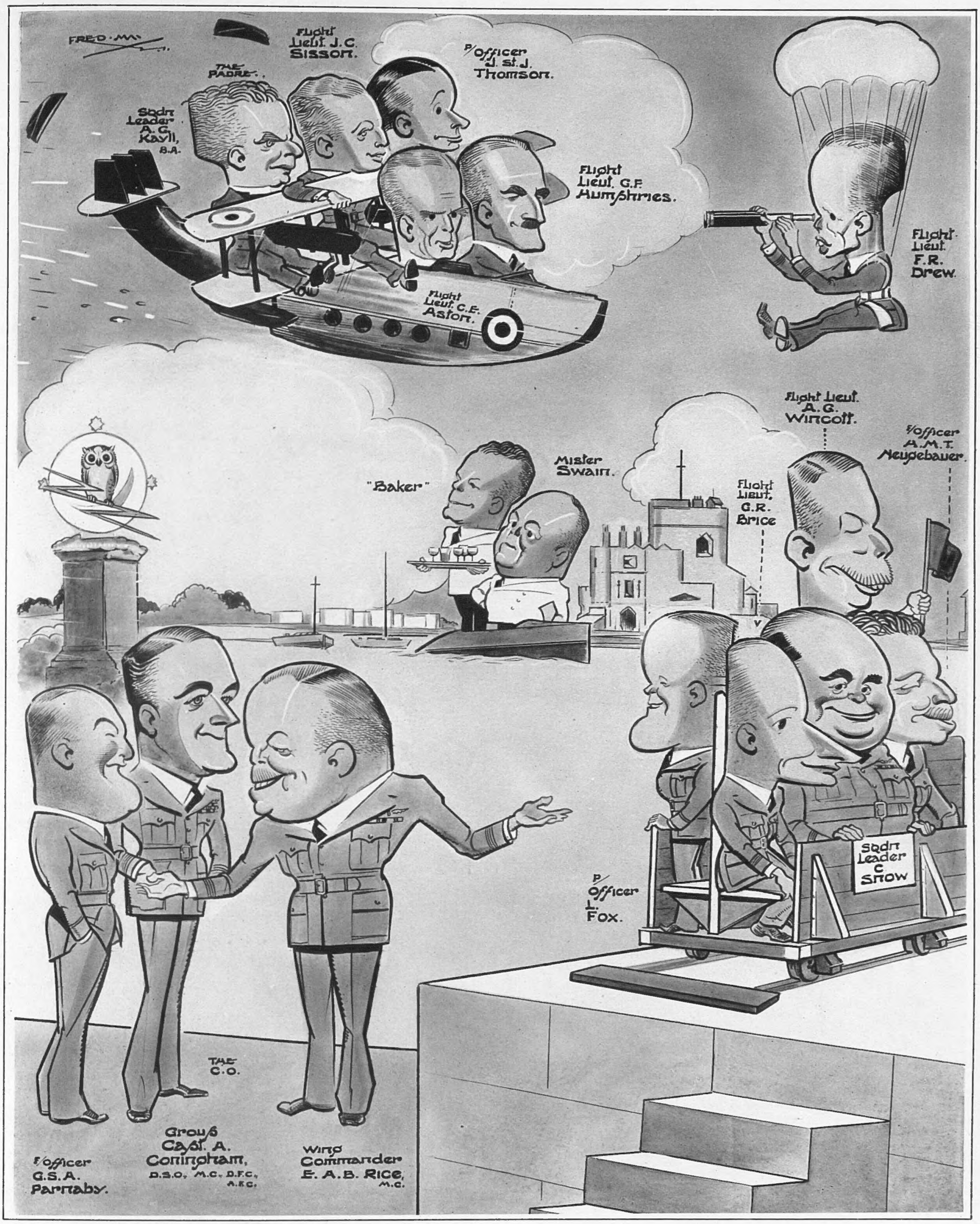
Here is **CAPTAIN PETER GALSWORTHY** *with a magnificent* **SALMON WEIGHING 55 LB.** *which he caught on the Eira River, Norway, last August.*

"Battling with Sea Monsters." Having just perused a thrilling tale of almost incredible adventures, I am amazed at the hardihood, courage, and fortitude of the author of "Battling with Sea Monsters," Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, and of his secretary, Jane, who accompanied him. With a couple of natives as crew, they set off in a twenty-ton yacht down the coast of Central America, to explore the marine life on and around the great coral reef off the coast of British Honduras, and on to Pearl Islands, in the Bay of Panama. What a tale it is of coral islands, sunlight and blue lagoons, of fœtid jungle, insufferable heat, and enervating horrors! These intrepid adventurers face a thousand perils and blood-curdling experiences. They survive a terrible hurricane, narrowly escape shipwreck, and hardly a day passes when they are not taxed to the uttermost. Such exhausting efforts were sought deliberately. I am still undecided as to which member of the party was the maddest at taking chances in hooking and harpooning monsters. The lady was certainly as keen as any, and hooked and landed many sharks, and harpooned a 24-ft. sawfish which towed the row-boat about for several hours before the fish was beached and shot. Another of her trophies was a hammerhead shark of nearly 15 ft. in length. Catching sharks at night, with the sea all around stiff with the brutes, was one of the nightmarish amusements which Mr. Hedges and his merry crew appeared to relish. Many of his observations on the habits of the creatures encountered are extremely interesting, and he obtained some striking photographs. R. L. MARSTON.



WALTER LANG *(left), the Film Director, caught this* **221-LB. BLACK SEA-BASS** *at Santa Catalina Island, California. It took him 45 minutes to land this great catch.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



R.A.F., CALSHOT.

The R.A.F. STATION, CALSHOT, *was originally formed as a Royal Naval Air Station, in 1912, and it celebrates its twenty-first birthday next year. On the outbreak of war, Calshot became a training station for seaplane pilots, and, later, a base for anti-submarine patrols in the English Channel. In 1927 the High Speed Flight for the Schneider Trophy was trained at Calshot before going to Italy, where the trophy was won for Britain, also in 1929, when Italy challenged, France and U.S.A. having withdrawn; and again in 1931, when Great Britain had a walk-over win owing to France and Italy withdrawing. The Wise Old Owl is the Station's crest. The Base is about two miles from the Mess, and a comical little railway runs between them. This is seen in Fred May's drawing.*

HONOURING TRAFALGAR DAY— IN THIS NUFFIELD AGE.

LADY ANDERSON, AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR CYRIL NEWALL, *and* LADY FREMANTLE *are seen at the Navy League Trafalgar Day dinner. Sir Cyril was one of the speakers.*

LORD LLOYD *presided. He is seated next to* COUNTESS BEATTY, *with the* EARL OF INCHCAPE *on the right of the picture. Note the painting of Nelson above Lady Beatty's chair.*

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES, *the* HON. ARTHUR HOWARD, *Mayor of Westminster, and* LADY ANDERSON *are the trio in this group.*

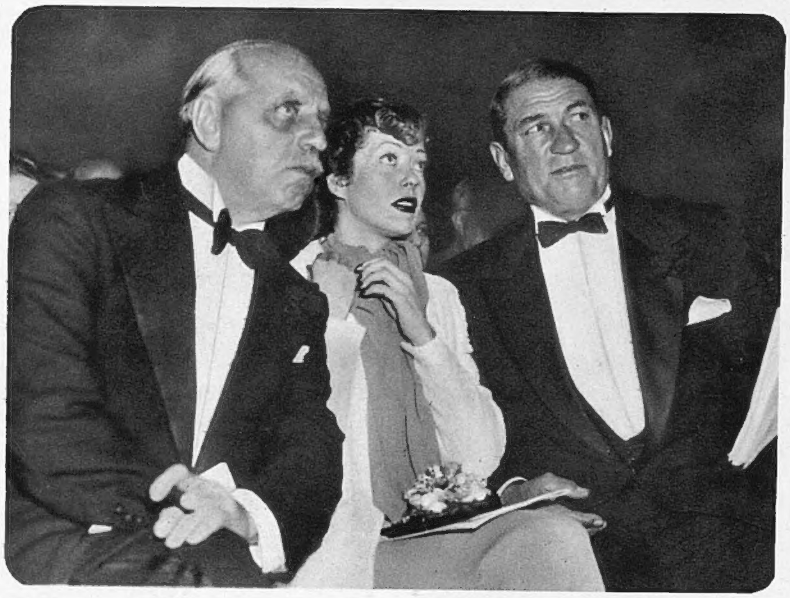
LORD NUFFIELD, *whose gift of £50,000 for the Sea Cadet Corps of the Navy League was announced at the dinner, is shown chatting to other guests.*

The COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE *sat next to* EARL BEATTY, *the new chairman of the Navy League.*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL *was the principal speaker at the dinner, and is shown on arrival, having a little chat with* LADY NAAS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES AND HIS WIFE, DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

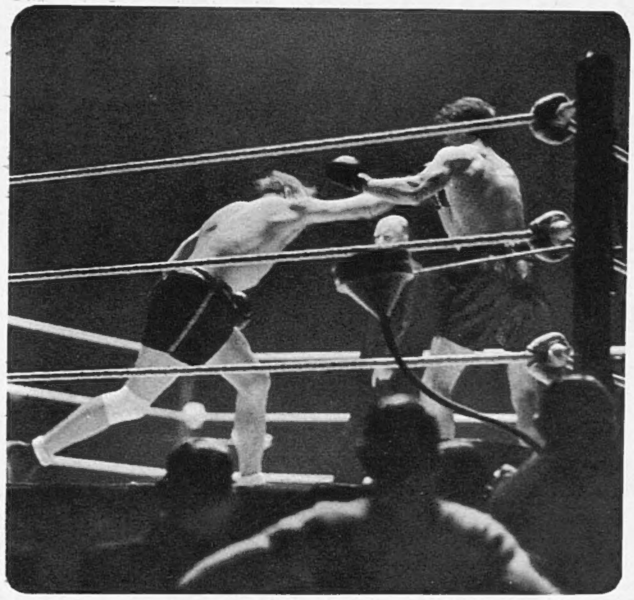
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT *is here seen in the Brangwyn Hall, Guildhall, Swansea, conferring on* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *the honorary degree of Doctor of Music: this after he had been installed as Chancellor of the University of Wales.*



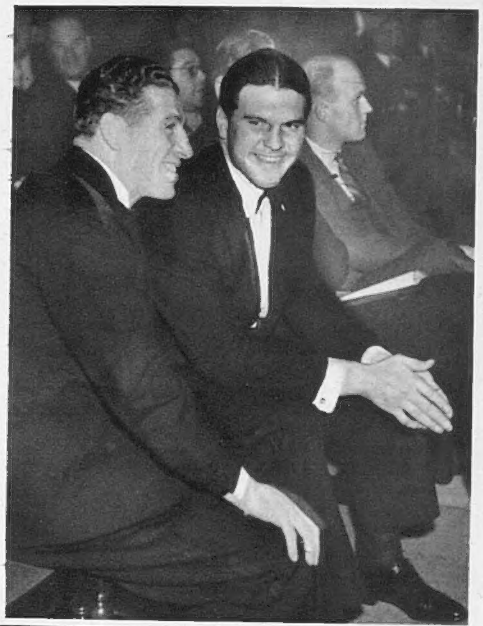
The fight between Neusel and Strickland at Wembley drew a particularly interesting crowd of spectators, including celebrities from many walks of life. Here BRIG.-GENERAL KENTISH is watching the match with MISS "MICKEY" HOOD and MR. VICTOR McLAGLEN, the screen star.

SIR ROBERT VANSITTART, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY ("Cathleen Mann," the artist), SIR COLVILLE BARCLAY, BT., stepson of Sir Robert Vansittart, the MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY, and SIR GILES SEBRIGHT, BT., are in this group.

MISS AMY JOHNSON, the world-famous pilot, watched the fight very closely.



The verdict given by Mr. Jack Smith, of Manchester, was that WALTER NEUSEL, the big German heavy-weight, had beaten MAURICE STRICKLAND (New Zealand) on points.



LEN HARVEY (left), the British boxer, and BEN FOORD, the South African, sat side by side. After the referee had announced his decision, some of the crowd expressed dissatisfaction with the verdict.

AT WEMBLEY RING-SIDE: WATCHING THE NEUSEL—STRICKLAND FIGHT.

Left: MR. A. J. ELVIN, TOMMY FARR, the British and Empire heavy-weight boxing champion, and LORD BURGHLEY, M.P., the famous athlete and hurdler son of the Marquess of Exeter, and brother-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, are seen (l. to r.) in this group taken at the ringside.

FRANCES SWEENY, *the baby daughter of* MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, *formerly Miss Margaret Whigham, and Mr. Charles Sweeny, the well-known golfer, is here facing the camera with wide-eyed surprise. She was born this summer, and already shows promise of inheriting her mother's famous looks.*

LES BELLES SWEENY.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY'S *smile is echoed by the smile on the face of young* FRANCES SWEENY, *who is obviously gurgling with delight as she lies on a quilted satin cushion for an at-home portrait of her to be taken.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

ON THE FLAT AT LINGFIELD

MRS. GERALD WALKER'S *peaked cap at Wincanton was adorned with a regimental brooch.*

MR. *and* MRS. ANTHONY RUMBOLD *at Wincanton 'chases. He is Sir Horace Rumbold's only son. She was Miss Felicity Bailey.*

MISS ANNE FEARFIELD'S *hat at Wincanton was one of the new pointed models, swathed with a band of contrasting colour.*

Right: MISS VIVIAN KENYON SLANEY, MR. KEPPEL, *and* LADY MABEL FOX-STRANGWAYS *are the trio in this group at Wincanton.*

LORD *and* LADY STAVORDALE *came to Wincanton 'chases.*

LORD IVOR SPENCER-CHURCHILL *at Lingfield with the* MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

MISS CHRISTINA DAWKINS' *monocle gives her an air of great concentration. She is shown at Wincanton.*

AND OVER THE STICKS AT WINCANTON.

LADY SYBIL PHIPPS *is a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, whom she closely resembles, a fact our photograph emphasises. She is a racing enthusiast, and went to Wincanton.*

MR. *and* MRS. CLIVE GRAHAM, *here seen at Lingfield, are newly-weds. She was Miss Dorothy North and is a grand-daughter of Lord North.*

Left: LORD STALBRIDGE *was snapped at Wincanton, advising the* MISSES DIANA, CLARE, *and* EILEEN PHIPPS *(l. to r.) how to invest their money. They are daughters of Captain and Lady Sybil Phipps, and nieces of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.*

MISS DIANA MILLS *was, as usual, in great beauty at Lingfield. Her escort in this picture is* MR. SEYMOUR PEARS.

MRS. RUBIN *(left) at Wincanton with* LORD *and* LADY CRANLEY. *Lord Cranley is Lord Onslow's heir.*

MISS PEGGY ASTON *looked nice in a modified "halo" hat at Wincanton.*

MISS BETTY LYNN *looked well at Lingfield in one of the latest hats made in a tam-o'-shanter shape.*

TALES WITH A STING.

THE CAVIARE TRICK.

By SYBIL VINCENT.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

KENNEDY, as usual, was late. He himself had fixed our luncheon appointment for the early hour of twelve-thirty. But when I arrived at the "Truite Bleue," it was to find the familiar message. He had been detained at a rehearsal, and would be three-quarters of an hour. Not that I minded waiting. Perhaps the most successful theatrical producer of recent years, his business is a gold-mine to a modest firm of solicitors like our own.

There are many far less agreeable places to kill time than the "Truite Bleue." A chat with Papa Dupont, the proprietor, is always entertaining. It is amusing to watch him bustling about the place, fussing and arguing in the typical French manner. He must have made a small fortune during his fifteen years in London. But he still sees to the preparation of every dish, and supervises every detail of the service himself. Papa Dupont is not only a character, he is also a connoisseur.

In appearance the "Truite Bleue" does not differ from innumerable other little Soho restaurants. Nevertheless, a great many people in London prick up their ears if you mention its name. Both the menu and the clientèle are amusingly varied. Modest individuals like myself can enjoy the best omelette in London with a humble half-bottle of *vin ordinaire*. For people like Kennedy there is specially imported Astrakhan caviare and magnificent cobwebbed burgundy.

When I arrived the place was deserted except for Papa Dupont, who was employed, as usual, in harrying his two miserable, overworked waiters, Louis and Jacques. I studied the menu. In the days when I first discovered the "Truite Bleue," that would have kept me busy for some time. Papa Dupont, ever economically-minded, bought cards with "Soup," "Entrée," and so on, printed on them, and filled in the names of the dishes and prices in his extremely French and illegible handwriting. But after lunching at the "Truite Bleue" for some years, I had become fairly quick at deciphering his hieroglyphics. I had just put the menu down, when the next customer came.

Varied as the clientèle of the "Truite Bleue" is, he was not one of the usual types. He was a mild little man, with greying hair and steel-framed glasses, certainly a clerk of some sort. Anyone advertising for a "Conf." and "trusty" clerk would have engaged him on his appearance alone. He looked as if he was more used to lunching at some popular tea-shop than a place like the "Truite Bleue." "Omelette and glass of water," I thought to myself. The same idea seemed to be in Papa Dupont's mind. He shrugged his shoulders as a waiter showed the little man to a table. Later, when the place began to fill up, he might have lied and said all the tables were reserved, but what could he do when the room was empty? Besides, the little man did not look the sort to linger over a meal. He would have finished in plenty of time to make room for some regular, more paying clients. They seldom arrived for well over another half an hour.

I had been right. The little man did order an omelette. The clerk guess also seemed to be correct. As soon as he had given his order he took some paper from his pocket and started entering various items on it. I could imagine Smith, who has been with our firm longer than anyone can remember, entering charges that way. He would carefully select one of three fountain-pens he carried clipped to his waistcoat pocket, and arrange the menu underneath to give him something to write on, in just the same way. The little man also fulfilled Papa Dupont's hopes. As soon as he had finished he asked for his bill, and, after lingering a moment or two over a cup of coffee, he left. I had a vague impression of a couple of women taking his table as he went. Just then, however, Kennedy arrived and all my attention was devoted to the complicated clauses of his new contract.

We had just finished when a strident, indignant voice made everyone look round.

"I don't care! It says a shilling on the menu. Two double portions each makes eight shillings. Thought you'd catch me, did you?"

A red-faced, middle-aged, plainly-dressed woman was speaking. Her voice and manner gave her away now, but it was difficult to place her from her appearance alone. She might be some horsey lady of the Manor up for a day's shopping, or equally well somebody's charwoman. The rabbit-faced girl with her was obviously a daughter, but equally difficult to label.

"But Madam, best Astrakhan caviare for a shilling a portion!"

"I don't know anything about caviare, but I can read what's down on the menu. Take a look yourself."

The waiter bent over the menu which the red-faced woman had just opened, and amazement spread across his face. He was about to take the menu away to show it to Papa Dupont. "Oh, no, you don't!" she continued, even louder, snatching the menu away. "I know your tricks! Tried to cheat once, you'll do it again and alter the one into a seven. You can see it well enough here, where it's safe. Don't you try and tell me that anyone could mistake that for anything except a one. I'll ask that gentleman over there."

Before anyone could stop her she had thrust the menu in my face. Undoubtedly the figure was a one, in exactly the same style, although a good deal clearer than most of Papa Dupont's figures.

Dupont hurried up, his white beard shaking with agitation. Restaurant proprietors hate rows which disturb other clients. It is so bad for business. Everyone wonders if they are being cheated too, and starts finding fault. And the row they hate most of all is with a woman. The enraged feminine voice carries further.

Trying to conceal his grief over the lost caviare, Papa Dupont put on a watery smile. "Madame, permit me to apologise. My waiter, he did not understand. Caviare, the best Astrakhan caviare that I import specially, costs seven shillings. Look at the other menus, you will see. But with this, there is a mistake. That is, what you say, my funeral. By mistake I wrote one instead of seven. I charge you only one shilling. Two double portions of caviare each, that is eight shillings, not two pounds sixteen. And look, I make no charge for cover."

Generous as Dupont thought this offer, it did not satisfy the woman. "All very well to take that tone now you see you're in the soup, but you've been just a little too clever this time. Just because we haven't a gentleman with us you thought you could try it on, did you! Well, I'm going to see it doesn't happen again. I'm going to fetch a policeman. I'll pay the eight shillings in front of him when I've complained about how you tried to get money by false pretences."

Police are anathema to Dupont's kind of restaurant. Clients were getting annoyed. They did not come to the "Truite Bleue" for its food alone. Business men, lovers, or anyone else who wanted a quiet talk, chose it because they would not be disturbed.

"Madame, I beg you! It was a mistake, just a mistake. Look, I charge you nothing." Papa Dupont was almost in tears.

He did not even cheer up when the woman and her daughter departed, still grumbling. He had not even got enough spirit to bully the waiter. He tried to blame Louis for not noticing the mistake, but listened tamely when Louis, with unusual courage, replied that he had always said that "the menus ought to be printed,

[Continued on page XII.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MR. CLARK GABLE—For Being the Senior Member of the Trio at the Top of the Glamour and Box-Office-Pull Poll.

According to a recent poll of six thousand film exhibitors in the United States, only three of the stars who are generally regarded as having "glamour" are among the ten actors who draw most money at the box-office. These are MR. CLARK GABLE, MR. ROBERT TAYLOR, *and* MISS JOAN CRAWFORD. *The other seven box-office "certainties" are Miss Shirley Temple, Mr. Gary Cooper, Mr. Fred Astaire, Mr. Joe E. Brown, Mr. Dick Powell, Miss Claudette Colbert, and Miss Jeanette Macdonald — none of them given as among the most famous exponents of "glamour." The conductors of the poll point out that this list applies only to the United States. In Europe the results would, no doubt, be very different.*

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Rudolf Rassendyll (RONALD COLMAN), *Fritz von Tarlenheim* (DAVID NIVEN), *and Colonel Zapt* (C. AUBREY SMITH; *right*) *discover that the King's wine was drugged on his Coronation eve.*

King Rudolf V. (RONALD COLMAN) *prepares to make merry with his newly-discovered English "cousin" on the eve of his Coronation. Colonel Zapt* (C. AUBREY SMITH) *looks on nervously.*

Left: Antoinette de Mauban (MARY ASTOR) *pleads with Black Michael* (RAYMOND MASSEY) *to give up his ambition to become King in place of the rightful Sovereign.*

Right: Rudolf Rassendyll, masquerading as King Rudolf, drives through the streets of the capital with Princess Flavia (MADELEINE CARROLL) *at his side.*

RONALD COLMAN (DOUBLING) AND MADELEINE CARROLL IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA": ANTHONY HOPE'S IMMORTAL RURITANIAN ROMANCE AS A SCREEN DRAMA.

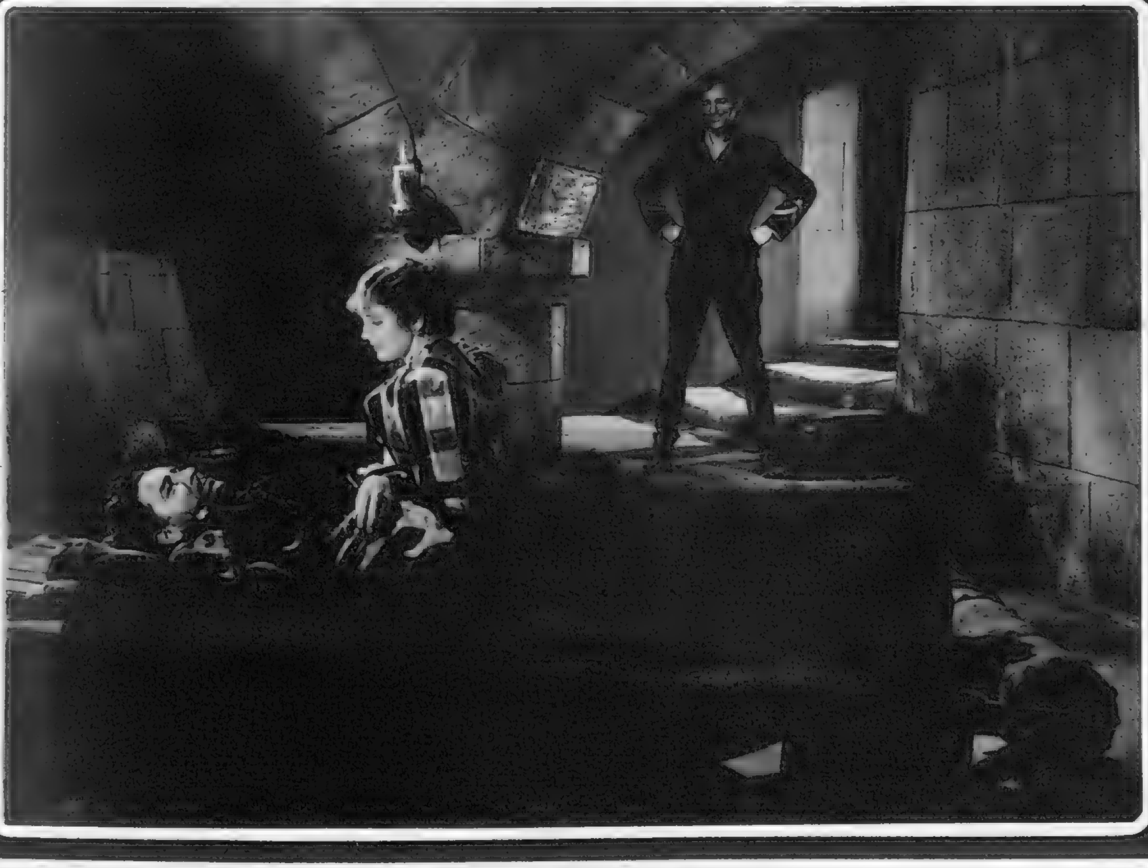
Right: Colonel Zapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim coach Rudolf Rassendyll in the complicated Coronation service on the eve of the ceremony.

Rudolf Rassendyll, cousin à la main gauche *to King Rudolf, falls in with Colonel Zapt's suggestion that he should impersonate his drugged Majesty.*

Rudolf Rassendyll, impersonating his cousin, the King, at the Coronation. Black Michael (RAYMOND MASSEY) *is at his side, and Colonel Zapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim follow.*

Left: Rudolf Rassendyll, trying single-handed to rescue King Rudolf from his dungeon, comes to grips with Rupert of Hentzau (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, *junior*).

Right: Rudolf Rassendyll, having loyally served King Rudolf and saved his throne for him, bids farewell to Princess Flavia (MADELEINE CARROLL), *whom he loves devotedly.*



"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" is one of the world's immortal stories of romance. It will be seen as a Selznick International picture at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square (where the Alhambra was), on Nov. 2, the gala premier presentation and opening of the theatre being arranged in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and the National Trust for Scotland. The film is based on Anthony Hope's novel. Everyone knows the story—how Rudolf Rassendyll visits Ruritania and, on account of his close resemblance to the King, is drawn into a political intrigue. He saves the throne for his cousin *à la main gauche* by impersonating him at his Coronation, and falls in love with Princess Flavia, the King's fiancée; but, when his work is over and the real King established, Rassendyll returns to England. Ronald Colman doubles the parts of Rassendyll and the King.

Left: King Rudolf V. (RONALD COLMAN), *captive in a dungeon, is watched by Antoinette de Mauban* (MARY ASTOR) *and mocked by Rupert of Hentzau* (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, *junior*).

MME. VINCENT PARAVICINI, formerly Miss Liza Maugham, who has just had a little boy, is the only child of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the distinguished novelist and playwright, and of Mrs. Syrie Maugham. She was called [Continued opposite.

Continued.] "Liza" after the heroine of her father's first novel, "Liza of Lambeth." Mme. Paravicini, who was one of the most popular débutantes of her year, married in her second season, and was attended by a brilliant cortège of bridesmaids.

YOUNG PARENTHOOD: THE VINCENT PARAVICINIS.

The VINCENT PARAVICINIS *are one of the most popular couples in the young-married set, and seem a very youthful pair to undertake the responsibilities of parenthood. M. Vincent Paravicini is the son of H.E. the Swiss Minister and of Mme. Paravicini, and is the brother of Mlle. Jacqueline and Mlle. Livia Paravicini, two of the best-known young girls in society.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

DANILOVA THE GREAT.

DANILOVA is one of the great ballerinas whose names will be remembered by future generations and mentioned in the same breath as those of Taglioni, La Camargo, and Pavlova. This beautiful photograph from "Cecil Beaton's Scrap Book" shows her in "Lac des Cygnes," the classic ballet to Tschaikovsky music.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAURICE SEYMOUR.

"LAUGHTER AND RHYTHM"—JUNE TAYLOR.

MISS JUNE TAYLOR is the principal dancer in "Laughter and Rhythm," the supper-time revue by Henry Sherek at the Dorchester.

SANDOWN SUNSHINE SCENE.

Racing took place at Sandown last week in brilliant sunshine. New hats and smiling faces met the camera. Here are MRS. LAMB *(left) and* MISS GILL COWAN *looking very happy.*

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM *looked very well in a woollen dress and a silver fox cape.*

MRS. MARCUS MARSH *and* MISS SALE *were snapped when discussing some important topic in the paddock.*

MRS. J. D. PLAYER *had one of the new high hats, rising steeply off the face and adding considerably to the stature of the wearer.*

MRS. NUNNERLEY *(left) and* MRS. NICHOLLS *are here seen watching the horses go down. Their 1938 hats are adorned with diamond race-horse brooches.*

The HON. MARIGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD, *eldest daughter of Baroness Beaumont and her husband, Lord Howard of Glossop, attended the meeting.*

The engagement is announced of MISS HELEN IRENE MINNIE ("JACKIE") HANCE, *daughter of Captain J. E. Hance, who owns the famous show-jumping school at Malvern, to* MR. CHARLES RICHARD WHITTINGTON, *elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington, of The Flint House, Goring Heath, Oxon. Miss Hance is one of the best horsewomen in the country and has won an impressive array of silver trophies.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Coronation Embroidery Exhibition at 46, Eaton Square was as royal as its title promised. The achievements of royal and even majestic fingers were on view, as well as portraits of royal personages and of royal residences. Miss Rawson Constable's "Windsor Castle" is a fine piece of modern tapestry, and the depth of greenery which she has succeeded in imparting to the trees above the river is admirable. Her portrait subjects include Lord Baldwin—seen in profile. Lady Baldwin likes it, but thinks that her spouse has redder eyebrows. Lady Churchill's historic baby's cot-cover foı the late Lord Churchill (the witty and popular "Victor") was entirely made by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and the big stitches at the back are due to the fact that she had to hurry to get it done before the baby was born. It 's amusing to observe that sewn portraiture succeeds in getting very close likenesses, and that you can be "done" in an equestrian or an angling pose by skilled "petit-pointers." Lady Lisburne, Lady Gregory, and the Duchess of Sutherland are among the well-knowns whose exhibits proved that they find time to sit at home and sew.

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Crabbed, illegible handwriting is responsible for the title of one of the most famous families in the Peerage—the Duke of Devonshire! I learned this at the concert of harpsichord music at old Devonshire House, from Major Benton Fletcher, who, in the interval, gave us an account of his lovely seventeenth-century house and its former inmates. The Cavendishes never owned any land in Devonshire, but always had many broad acres in Derbyshire, and it was owing to the illegible handwriting of a clerk in the time of James I. that the title of Earls (later Dukes) of Devonshire was bestowed on them. Old Devonshire House has a wonderful atmosphere, and no wonder, when one remembers all the notable people who have lived there. It was rescued from its state of a slum dwelling by Major Benton Fletcher, who has restored its original beauty. It made an admirable *décor* for a harpsichord recital of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music, well played by Mr. Hinchcliffe. He also has a charming voice. He sang one song only, by Pepys, accompanying himself on the spinet. This, by the way, is a genuine one, shaped like a harp, lying flat, and is one of Major Benton's collection of old instruments.

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Music as Bach himself used to hear it brought us to 23, Cromwell Road last Thursday, for the first of the three concerts held there by permission of Mrs. Bruce, musical hostess to more than one generation of Londoners, and herself an excellent pianist. The intimacy of a private salon and the size of the Boyd Neel orchestra helped to conjure up the period

JUST when the curtain is rising on the pre-Christmas round of London gaieties, it seems odd to have to record that the best recent parties have been farewell ones! But there you are. One was the supper and dance at the Ritz to bid godspeed to Lady Milbanke, who is going out to her home country, Australia, with Mrs. Peter Thursby. This was a very brilliant affair, with Lord Dudley as host, with his twin brothers in support. The guests were headed by their Royal Highnesses of Kent, she really lovely in black velvet with long diamond earrings, and the Louis Mountbattens. Duchesses were about by the dozen (or almost!). Anyway, there was the Duchess of Westminster, who is just off to another continent, America, and the Duchess of Marlborough, who looked remarkably well in red chiffon. Mrs. Robin Wilson was also in red. If you can't at the moment "place" the last-named, I should add that until a short time ago she was Patricia Lady Jersey.

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More good-byes were said at the Trianon, where a gay farewell party was given for Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, as she and her husband are giving up their London house and going down to Wiltshire, to be near their parents at Ferne. Mr. Chris and Lady Jean Mackintosh were there, naturally; also Jeanne Stourton. Mr. Teddy Voules danced with Princess Natasha Bagration, and Mr. William Rhodes-Moorhouse and his young wife (the former Amalia Demetriadi) and the Stricklands added decorative value to the gathering.

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Meanwhile, London tuned-up for the Opening of Parliament with the usual Londonderry air, the reception on Monday being the first at which our great Conservative hostess arranged to receive with the new Prime Minister. I 'm writing in advance about the party, but it 's safe to prophesy that Lady Londonderry glittered as superbly as usual with heirlooms, and that dignity and tiaras rather than snappy 1938 fashions were the keynote of the evening. The hostess had planned to fly over from Ireland for the party.

Londonderry House was in the news before the eve-of-session party, for Mrs. Hartman's cocktail gathering was held in the famous and splendid ballroom. It was to tell us about the première at the Odeon on Nov. 2 in aid of the British Cancer Campaign and National Trust for Scotland. Lord Elibank did this in a short, clear speech, and we were then regaled on champagne and chipolatas (the 1937 gourmet's degustation dream), the latter kept all hot and sizzling by a white-capped *chef*. Lady Elibank had a green hat of the newest kind, Lady Marguerite Strickland was as decorative as ever, and Lady Hawkins (widow of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, author of the famous novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda," on which the film is based) was a guest.

CAPTAIN *and* MRS. ROBERT LAYCOCK, *son-in-law and daughter of the bride, attended the marriage of Mrs. Dudley Ward to the Marquis de Casa Maury.*

The DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *(left) and the* COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY, *wearing gaily-patterned overalls, were among the well-known women who assisted at the Edinburgh Council for Community Service Bazaar in the Music Hall, Edinburgh.*

atmosphere. The programme included two Concertos for two pianos, the Cantata "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," and a Ricercare from "The Musical Offering," with Noel Eadie, Georg von Harten, Norman Tucker and George Eskdale as soloists. Those who took tickets included Lady Romilly, Lord Charles Hope, whose name is more readily associated by the G.P. with golf than with music, Lady Ottiline Morel, and Sir Charles Marston. The last named, who is known to everyone as the Biblical archæologist who discovered from digging that the walls of Jericho really did fall down, is the father-in-law of Georg von Harten.

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How strange it is to recall that the New English Art Club was once considered to be revolutionary in spirit! The present exhibition contains work which is good, bad and indifferent, but no one could call it advanced. Is this an object lesson, and will the Surrealists be one day considered terribly *vieux jeu* and representational, or will future generations become so reactionary that even the Royal Academy will be thought "bolshie"? One never knows!

This show includes some good works by that fine painter Miss Ethel Walker. I specially liked "Victorian Interlude" and "Hommage à Goya." Lady Queensberry (or Miss Cathleen Mann, to use her painting name) is represented by "Sad Lady," another interesting work. Lady Patricia Ramsay contributes no fewer than five paintings—oils and water-colours. From her frequent visits to the east she has brought impressions which include "Trincomalee, Ceylon," "Jungle Hut, Ceylon," and "Lilies," "Tropical Fruits," and "Kandyan Landscape, Ceylon." Lady Patricia is a member of the New English Art Club, which proves that her artistic status is far removed from that of an amateur—a remarkable achievement on the part of a royal lady whose life has been surrounded by many social duties and constant calls on her time. The men whose pictures struck me most are all bearers of well-known names, such as the late Professor Tonks, P. Wilson Steer, and Ethelbert White, who represents a younger generation. He is showing some delightful landscapes.

GUILA BUSTABO, *the brilliant girl violinist, arranged to play the Beethoven Concerto in D at the second of the Beecham Sunday Concerts at Covent Garden.*

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The celestial calm of the high-born Chinese is proverbial. We saw an example of it last week when the lights fused at the Chinese Legation, just as the Minister and Mme. Quo were receiving guests to view the lovely things Mme. Quo has collected for the sale at 9, Chesterfield Gardens on Oct. 28 and 29, for the Chinese Relief Fund. The hostess remained quite unmoved, and the lights eventually went on after some fitful glimmering. We were then able to distinguish a crowd of little Chinese women in their national dress, looking like a flight of butterflies. Some wore red, others grey, or various shades of blue, all equally attractive. Mme. Quo herself was in brown. The goods to be sold include some fine Chinese antiques, such as carved jade, embroideries, bronze mirrors, Tang horses, snuff bottles, and porcelain, all given to the fund by Chinese resident in London. Lady Hailsham was there, and so was Lady Hosie, daughter of the Professor of Chinese at Oxford, and author of two books on China.

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"And so to Shaftesbury," writes my dance enthusiast spy, "for the Ferne Polo Club 'hop' at Coombe House—which sent shoals of dance-loving Londoners jockeying down to the 'West Countree.' Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay—organiser-in-chief of this annual revel on the eve of Wincanton Steeplechases—looked a treat in jet black tulle. One of those fortunate people, endowed with an infectious zest for life, who radiate happiness for others as well as themselves she can cope with the most complicated situations with the utmost ease. She did not seem in the least bit nonplussed when besieged by a battalion of young 'lovelies,' who chanted in chorus: 'But you are chaperoning me, aren't you?' To which the inevitable answer was: 'Yes, darling, of course.' Even the most experienced hostess would have quailed, let alone paled, when faced with such a formidable task. Fortified by a substantial 'stand-up' dinner in the billiard-room, everyone was in fine fettle by the time the band arrived—and not a little in need of exercise. The turtle soup was delicious.

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"At this town and country 'get-together,' the standard of good looks was noticeably high. Buxom county lasses whose 'buttermilk-and-pansy' complexions are at a discount in London ballrooms, certainly get their own back, good and proper, at these rustic nocturnal routs. Lady Rosemary Brudenel-Bruce—Lord Ailesbury's intelligent younger daughter—tactfully warned prospective partners that she could not book any dances 'after dawn,' as she had to milk her cows at 6.30. When Julian Day—the Hebridean Laird of Skeabost's handsome son-in-law—expressed ignorance as to the local 'land-lie' she promptly 'fetched down' a Dorset guide book and put him wise then and there.

"Lord and Lady Cranley came over from their house at Sturminster Newton — in the Portman country. The former Pamela Dillon—who wore green with effect—is an asset to any social 'do.' She's crammed a lot into her twenty-odd years. Before her marriage last October she was a pupil at the R.A.D.A.—a 'hello-girl' at the switchboard of the Fascist headquarters in Chelsea—and finally a saleswoman in a dress emporium.

"Then there was William Rhodes-Moorhouse and his decorative, dark-haired wife, whose father, Sir Stephen Demetriadi, is a power in the jute world. Their enviable shiny black "Merc" gave loitering chauffeurs something to look at in the car park. Lady Jean Mackintosh and her Mr. "Chris" motored over from their Sussex hide-out near Rusper. Jean was in green, and very nice she looked, too. Seeing King Chris of the snows' fox-trotting with attractive Durell Sale-Barker reminded one that it won't be long now before winter-sports hearties are taking their skis out of storage and shaking moth balls from their ski-suits.

"Lord Lytton's entertaining niece, Linnet Lafone, didn't miss a dance the whole night through. She's busy carving a career for herself as an interior decorator. Devoting one's scope (if any) and energies to doing over other people's homes is a long-suffering occupation that calls for tact and quick wit. Fortunately for Linnet she has both these admirable qualities." MARIEGOLD.

As usual, one large and highly controversial work is exhibited by EPSTEIN *at his show of recent sculpture at the Leicester Galleries. It is an immense recumbent figure entitled* "CONSUMMATUM EST."

YVONNE GEORGI'S DUTCH BALLET *is a feature of* "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," *at the Adelphi.* NINI THEILADE, *the well-known ballerina, is seen in the centre. She plays the part of Gipsy.*

Frans Hals (JOHN GARRICK) *is shown in the centre of his studio, singing to his apprentices* (JOHN GATRELL, LESLIE BEACH, *and* PHILLIP MORANT).

MISS IRENE EISINGER, *the Glyndebourne prima donna, as Lysbeth, the wife of Frans Hals, the painter.*

Above: A Lady of Quality (NORA SWINBURNE; *centre*) *is informing Marianna* (VIOLA TREE), *the Burgomaster's wife, that she intends to stay at the Golden Tulip Inn.*

Right: One of the spectacular scenes. The citizens of Haarlem are at the Golden Tulip, celebrating the arrival of a party of soldiers.

FRANS HALS AND HIS MASTERPIECE IN MUSICAL ROMA

The Laughing Cavalier (ARTHUR MARGETSON), *subject of the famous picture, in the Golden Tulip arranging that Hals* (JOHN GARRICK) *shall paint him.*

A close-up of a member of YVONNE GEORGI'S DUTCH BALLET *taken from the stalls during a performance.*

Above: The Burgomaster (CHARLES HESLOP) *and the citizens of Haarlem pay a visit to Frans Hals's studio.*

JOHN GARRICK *as the famous painter Frans Hals at work.*

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" is the new musical romance based on the life-story of Frans Hals, the famous Dutch artist. The original of his picture "The Laughing Cavalier," painted in 1624, when the artist was forty-four years of age, is introduced as the hero of the story, which is played out in the picturesque setting of seventeenth-century Haarlem. The picture "The Laughing Cavalier" is one of the chief treasures of the Wallace Collection.

ANCE: "THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," AT THE ADELPHI.

AMONG L.G.'S "NERVOUS WRECKS"! D.S.O. AND M.C. MINISTERS.

MR. ERNEST BROWN, *Minister of Labour, is fifty-five years old. He joined the Sportsman's Battalion in 1914, and transferred to the Somerset Light Infantry in 1916. He was awarded the Military Cross, the Italian Silver Star for Valour; and was mentioned.*

MR. WILLIAM S. MORRISON, *Minister for Agriculture, is forty-four years old. He served in the R.F.A. in France from 1914-1918; was wounded; was three times mentioned in dispatches and was decorated with the Military Cross. He also has the 1914 Star.*

EARL STANHOPE, *President of the Board of Education, is fifty-six years old. He served in the 1st Grenadier Guards in France from November 1914; and was G.S.O. from 1915-1918. He was twice mentioned in dispatches, and was decorated with the Military Cross and the D.S.O. He is a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur.*

MR. DUFF COOPER, *First Lord of the Admiralty, is forty-seven years old. He served in the European War, 1914-1918, and won the D.S.O. He was mentioned in dispatches.*

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, *the Foreign Secretary, is thirty-nine. He served with the 60th Rifles from 1915-19; and as G.S.O.3, and Brigade Major, won the M.C.*

The HON. OLIVER STANLEY, *President of the Board of Trade, is forty-one. He served as a Major R.F.A.; was mentioned in dispatches, and received the M.C. and Croix de Guerre.*

MR. WALTER ELLIOT, *Secretary for Scotland, is forty-nine years old. He served in France from 1914-1918, and was awarded the Military Cross and Bar.*

LORD SWINTON, *Minister for Air, is fifty-three years old. He served in the European War from 1914-1917, and was decorated with the Military Cross.*

MR. Lloyd George said that the Cabinet is composed of nervous wrecks! Speaking at Ramsgate, Mr. Ramsbotham, Minister of Pensions, replied to this by pointing out that FIFTEEN OUT OF TWENTY-ONE MEMBERS OF THE CABINET SAW ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE GREAT WAR, and that two got the D.S.O. and seven the Military Cross. On this page we give portraits of the D.S.O. and M.C. Ministers. The others are: Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer (Major in the [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.]
R.A.F. and served in France, 1917-1918); Earl de la Warr, Lord Privy Seal (R.N.R.); Mr. Hore-Belisha, Minister for War (Major, R.A.S.C.); Dr. L. Burgin, Minister of Transport (Intelligence Officer. Served on Italian Front, 1915-18; Italian Croce di Guerra); Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore, Colonial Secretary (Shropshire Yeomanry. Served in Egypt, 1914-1917); and Lord Halifax, Lord President of the Council (Lieut.-Col. Yorkshire Dragoons. France, 1915-17). Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, saw active service in the South African War.

LAST WEEK'S LOVELIEST BRIDE — MISS ANN BARLOW.

MISS ANN BARLOW *looked really delightful when she married the* HON. WILLIAM G. BETHELL *last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the younger son of Lord and Lady Bethell, of Bushey House, Bushey, Herts; and the bride is the only daughter of Major R. G. Barlow (late the Seaforth Highlanders), of The Holt, Ledbury, Herefordshire, and Mrs. Barlow, 33, Queen's Gate. Her gown was made of ivory peau d'ange, on Regency lines, and the smocked yoke was sewn with crystal. Her streamline bouquet was of Eucharist lilies avd camellias. After the reception at Claridge's, Mr. and Mrs. Bethell left for a honeymoon in the U.S.A.*

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING COMBINED; AND A WORKING SELF-PORTRAIT.

Is this work of art correctly to be described as a PAINTING OR A WOOD-CARVING? *The artist,* ACHILLE JACOPIN, *has evolved an entirely new technique, in which he combines painting and wood-carving with excellent effect. The still-life subjects on the kitchen table and the chair are painted; while the cat climbing up with intent to steal the herring is* CARVED IN ONE WITH THE OAK FRAME. *The work is entitled "The Thief."*

"MYSELF AND MODEL" *is a very unusual self-portrait by* DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., *on view at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. It shows the famous artist at work, for not only does the composition present the model posing on the "throne," but the artist herself and the canvas on which she is working.*

In this work by ACHILLE JACOPIN, *his new method of combining painting and wood-carving is most effectively used. The composition is called "Minuit" and shows a pedestrian who has fallen a victim to an attack by two Apaches. The narrow street, the victim, and one assailant are represented in painting, but the hat and coat and the Apache who is keeping watch by a lamp-post in the foreground are carved in wood, in one with the frame.*

"VANITY."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSALIND MAINGOT, EXHIBITED AT THE 28TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 5a, PALL MALL, S.W.1.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.

ICE BALLERINA BELITA.

MARIA BELITA, so well known as Belita Jepson-Turner of skating fame, is one of the principal performers in Claude Langdon's new and original ice-ballet, "Rhapsody on Ice," at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

BRIDES, BRIDEGROOMS, AND BRIDES-TO-BE.

MISS CICELY ALEXANDRA DICK, *only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Abercromby Dick, is to marry Mr. Andrew Erikson, of Stockholm, this week, in Sweden. She is a novelist. A pet marmoset is featured in her new book "The Comet's Tail."*

Right: LIEUTENANT VISCOUNT JOCELYN, R.N., *H.M.S. "Iron Duke," eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden, Tollymore Park, Co. Down, married* MISS CLODAGH ROSE KENNEDY, *daughter of the late Mr. Kennedy and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Co. Kildare, at St. Margaret's.*

The marriage of MR. THOMAS PIERCE BUTLER, *Grenadier Guards, only son of Lieut.-Col. Sir Richard and Lady Butler, of Ballin Temple, Co. Carlow, and Wilderwick, Sussex, to* MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON-HOUSTON, *daughter of Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, Kent, took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

The engagement of MISS ROSEMARY FINNIS, *younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Finnis, to Mr. Antony Noel Hunter, of Longmoor, Coombe Warren, Kingston Hill, has been announced.*

MISS JANE E. STEPHENSON, *only daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., and of Lady Stephenson, of Friendly Green, Cowden, Kent, is engaged to Captain Richard J. Streatfeild, Private Secretary to the Queen.*

The marriage of MISS VALERIE JANE BLACKMORE, *daughter of the late Commander Blackmore, R.N., and of Mrs. Montague Blackmore, and a descendant of the author of "Lorna Doone," to* CAPTAIN REGINALD BYRNE, *3rd Cavalry, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Byrne, took place at All Souls', Langham Place. The* HON. ANTHONY BROUGHAM *was best man, and the bridesmaids were the* MISSES HELEN HILTON SIMPSON, NANCY BARTH, BARBARA CROWDER, *and* PEGGY ROOD. MR. PATRICK BLACKMORE *gave his sister away.*

The marriage of the HON. GEORGE BERESFORD, *only son of Lord Decies to* MISS ANN CHRISTINA MARGO TREVOR, *daughter of Mr. Sydney W. G. Hunt Trevor and of Mrs. C. M. Hunt, was solemnised at Chelsea Old Church. By birth, the bride is Australian.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THIS has been a big autumn for "big musicals." In addition to such a well-established favourite as "Balalaika," and the new successes, "Crazy Days" and "Going Greek" (at His Majesty's, Shaftesbury, and Gaiety respectively), we now have "Take It Easy," at the Palace, the big Frans Hals show, "Laughing Cavalier," at the Adelphi, and "Hide and Seek," at the Hippodrome, which "teams" Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Bobby Howes under the direction of Mr. Jack Hulbert.

Sherriffs gives a line on "HIDE AND SEEK," *at the London Hippodrome. Sally* (CICELY COURTNEIDGE) *and Tommy* (BOBBY HOWES), *who love one another.*

First of all, a word of congratulation to Miss Barbara Blair, who has done what most thought to be impossible, and has built up a good show on the ruins of a flop. "TAKE IT EASY" had a most unhappy first night. But Miss Blair refused to do the easy thing and take it off. She took her piece to pieces and began again. She engaged Mr. Gene Gerrard and some first-rate turns. She continues to do her own stuff. Such pluck, as well as her own skill in comedy, deserves rather more than three rousing cheers. It deserves full houses.

They also love to do this kind of thing, whether anybody's about or not. Here they are being watched by Bennie (DAVID BURNS; *left*); *and Ricky* (IAN MacLEAN). *Ricky professes to find merit in Sally's performance and offers her munificence in New York. To Tommy he offers only his best wishes.*

The Hippodrome affair, "HIDE AND SEEK," will win on its personalities. It has abundance of scene and song, but it is the people who count. It has a complicated plot about stolen bonds and dodges about picturesquely between the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-thirties; it also swerves between England and America. So there's plenty to look at as well as to listen to. It combines the vocal efforts of spectacular "hill-billies" and Epsom racegoers. It parades one of my favourite comedians, Mr. David Burns, with his East Side accent and his gusto for the gay life. ("I like dis butler stuff. De dinner is soived.") May his bowler, his cigar, and his moon-calf smile never grow less. He presents a Damon Runyon man in the flesh. But, of course, what will carry this show is the combination of Mr. Bobby Howes, all frail and elfin charm, with the grand, self-confident mischief of Miss Cicely Courtneidge. What they have to sing and say is not so funny as all that. Certainly Mr. Howes has indifferent opportunities. But when Miss Courtneidge flicks a nineteenth-century bustle or a twentieth-century eye, we are hers to command. When Mr. Howes is a pierrot singing in the rain or a wandering minstrel without a hope or a home, we are equally in his possession. With such players in charge, anything goes.

"BLONDIE WHITE," by Messrs. Jeffrey Dell and Bernard Merivale, at the Globe Theatre, is crook-stuff with a fashionable veneer of psychology. It is an easy-to-watch after-dinner show, in which Mr. Basil Sydney, as a detective-author, does a neat bit of actual detective work in real fact in order to dispel his friend's notion that he is just a "littery gent" and no real use in the crime-world. He has a military acquaintance, now seconded to Scotland Yard (Mr. Basil Radford), whom he leads up a garden or two while he hunts out the murderer of Miss Blondie White.

Miss White had been a dance-hostess "up West," with a simple love-nest at Swiss Cottage, and a set of the inevitable and priceless pearls, which she had alienated from a certain Lord Melton on the way to Clacton. It may be refreshing to be told of a Peer who prefers Clacton to Deauville, but the old man should have known better than to be preferred by Blondie, and he "got it in the neck" accordingly. This is well-staged, well-played excursion into a familiar line of country. We can exclaim, like Mr. Priestley's characters, that we have been here before; most people are glad to repeat the journey. There is mystification all the time. You never know what the detective has in mind. You know all the time that Mr. Sydney is being mysterious with the utmost efficiency.

"AUTUMN," adapted by Mrs. Margaret Kennedy from the Russian, and produced by Mr. Basil Dean at the St. Martin's, is old-fashioned stuff, the kind of ster-rong der-rama which we all of us continue to enjoy long after we have ceased to believe a word of it. A great K.C.'s unfaithful wife sees her step-daughter going off with her lover; step-daughter finds out step-mother's guilty secret. So does K.C. Here's a how-d'-you-do, as they say in Gilbert and Sullivan. In the old days they would have "ponged" it at us good and hard. These are gentler times. Miss Flora Robson, agonising in thwarted passion, ghastly dilemma, and acute contrition, does not propel her moods and miseries at our heads and hearts with the old methods; she conveys them, most quietly and yet most powerfully, by a kind of tense physical urgency which is far more effective than shouting the house down. Mr. Jack Hawkins, as her lover, spends his time in awkward situations and is always very nice and plausible. Mr. Wyndham Goldie is a K.C. who addresses his wife in the best Old Bailey manner ("Throw your mind back to the night of the fifteenth"), but he has one passage in which he becomes a real person, and plays it beautifully.

Miss Victoria Hopper, as the daughter, is a young Communist as well as young innocence. I never knew that Communists were anything but tough and knowing. The young person would surely have demanded in real life that the situation be coolly liquidated without Victorian fuss. Instead, she runs away from home in a quite old-world, hysterical way. However, compelled to combine Victorian sensibility with Sixth-Georgian politics, Miss Hopper does extremely well. A Muriel Aked part has been attached to the play, and Mr. Aubrey Dexter is, as always, most amusing. But the comedy does not tune in with the emotional goings-on, which are tense and taut and, in their unstressed way terrific.

Sally turns down the offer, and, while they are dancing together inside an old coat, as people do when they are depressed, Sally digs up from its depths a letter dated 1897. The coat belonged to Tommy's father, who was a jockey, and the letter was written to Sally's mother and, for very good reasons, never posted. It contained financial statements into which we need not probe.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XVI.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HAD it not been for the sensational Dreyfus case and Emile Zola's courageous championship of the Jewish officer who became the Army's scapegoat, the story of the eminent French writer might not have furnished a subject for screen-drama. Yet Zola was a crusader born, fighting the battle of truth and justice, espousing the cause of the oppressed and the exploited with a powerful pen and a fine curiosity that caused him to probe the depths of human misery and Governmental blunders. Though his revolutionary candour and what was then considered brutal realism scandalised his readers at the outset, he stuck to his guns and, at the time of *l'Affaire Dreyfus*, was enjoying the fruits of his labour, a successful and satisfied man, to whom a renewed fight meant no small sacrifice and no personal gain. It is, then, greatly to the credit of all concerned in the making of "THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA," the new First National production presented at the Carlton, that the earlier part of the picture is as engrossingly interesting, if necessarily less dramatic than the later scenes of military conspiracy against Dreyfus and the famous trial for libel of Zola that followed the launching of his thunderbolt in the shape of his article "J'Accuse."

The young Zola who shared poverty and dreams in a leaky attic with the painter Paul Cézanne foreshadows the man who stifled the scruples dictated by comfort and popularity when a terrible injustice done to a stranger called to his conscience and brought him into the thick of the fray. The central character is established in the opening chapters both by the writers of this impressive play and by the actor, Paul Muni, who invests his part with such veracity, such intimate understanding of all its aspects, and such *finesse* of detail that Zola himself seems to stand before us, sharply defined against the crowded canvas of his literary activities and his supreme crusade. Ardent, caustic and compassionate in his youth; mellowed, stout and a little smug in the material comfort of his middle-age, though still compassionate, Mr. Muni realises not only the outward semblance of the man, but radiates the spirit that imbued him. His reading of his denunciatory article, and his speech to the jury are superbly done, and his steadfast belief in the onward "March of Truth" is brought into complete harmony with the kindly, jovial humour of his private life.

The story admittedly takes liberties with facts and dates. It avoids some of the political and the whole of the racial undercurrents of the Dreyfus case, but the essence of Zola's campaign remains intact, to inspire a picture that is at once a vivid chronicle and a stirring entertainment. It is firmly built up by the director, William Dieterle, into a fluent sequence of well-contrasted scenes that swing from domestic interiors to military headquarters, from mob hysteria in the Paris streets and the hectic atmosphere of the court to the dreadful isolation of Dreyfus on Devil's Island after his degradation in a public square. Joseph Schildkraut's portrait of the bewildered victim of intrigue, who returned from his four years' imprisonment an aged and white-haired man, still under forty, is admirable in its restrained emotion, whilst Gale Sondergaard's sincerity lifts the part of Lucie Dreyfus into prominence, and the whole supporting company supplies character-studies that strengthen the links of a real-life drama worthily translated into the terms of the screen.

"CONFESSION" (New Gallery) is a drama of mother-love set in modern Austria, and based on an actual trial that created some stir a few years ago.

Tommy's papa, Mike, and Sally's mother, Mabel, had been engaged, but, as people do, had married elsewhere. Here they are: the remarkable resemblance to their offspring is explained by the fact that Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Howes, between them, play all these parts.

And so Sally goes to New York, and finds herself in the money, while Tommy goes too, and finds himself in the kitchen. Here they are, meeting with Bennie, who, for love of Rene (PATRICIA BURKE; *left), has decided to go straight.*

The play in its German form, entitled "Mazurka," has already served as a stellar vehicle for Pola Negri, and the American version, directed by Joe May, is a faithful translation that preserves much of the tension together with the pattern of the original. It concerns the killing of a middle-aged musician by a cabaret-singer who recognises her own daughter in the young girl so obviously infatuated with the man. The circumstances leading up to the shooting are revealed in a prolonged "flash-back" starting in Warsaw in pre-war days, when the singer was an operatic star whose marital happiness was wrecked by the musician. Kay Francis, charming as she is in the days of her glory, is less convincing in the tarnished finery of the faded cabaret siren, nor does Jane Bryan's sturdy young girl suggest a philanderer's easy victim. But Basil Rathbone's musician, cynically certain of his power and coldly implacable in his pursuit, is a fine study, and a pillar of strength in a leisurely but well-constructed picture.

The forty-year-old financial information to which we have referred at once involves them in a hue and cry. Here they are, being pursued by thugs too numerous to mention, with Ricky in the van. Here we shall leave them. Never let it be said that we were the cause of your knowing about the happy ending. From "HIDE AND SEEK," *at the London Hippodrome.*

It would appear that the fires of hatred kindled by the war between America's Northern and Southern States still smoulder, and even burst into flame, according to "THEY WON'T FORGET" (Regal), a grim drama of a man wrongfully condemned for murder and finally lynched by an infuriated mob after the commutation of the death sentence by a merciful Governor to life imprisonment. The mysterious murder of a pretty Southern girl throws suspicion on her college tutor, a Northerner. An unscrupulous District Attorney is quick to take advantage of a wave of public prejudice, fostered by a newspaper campaign, to further his own political advancement. Determined to secure a "Guilty" verdict at all costs, he collects a mass of false evidence that turns the trial into a mockery of the law, in spite of the efforts of a prominent New York lawyer, smoothly played by Otto Kruger. The picture is a bitter indictment of political and newspaper methods, exposed with Hollywood's amazing frankness and built up deliberately, brick by brick—at times, even a trifle too deliberately—under the able direction of Mervyn Le Roy. The actual lynching is mercifully indicated rather than seen, but this hard and, in its way, arresting drama drives relentlessly forward to its logical conclusion, its purpose firmly underlined by the strong and ruthless portrait of the District Attorney drawn by Claude Rains.

TWO - IN - ONE IN "HIDE AND SEEK."

CICELY AND BOBBY LONG - COATED.

" I 'M HAPPY WHEN YOU 'RE HAPPY——"

" AND I 'LL SMILE WHEN YOU DO."

" I 'M BLUE WHEN YOU ARE BLUE."

Sally (CICELY COURTNEIDGE) *and Tommy* (BOBBY HOWES) *take shares in an overcoat and a song and dance when a deluge of rain has ruined their pierrot performance, and, for a while, Cicely is balanced on Bobby's shoulders: hence the* [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.] *heroic figure. Cliff Road is the milieu. "Shares" may have a double meaning, for Sally finds in the pocket an old unposted letter to her mother referring mysteriously to financial dealings. This is one of the side-cracking scenes in "Hide and Seek," at the Hippodrome.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON.

Like the hats dashing Cossacks wore . . . Here is the same
straight-up brim, the same rakish slant—for Harrods Persian
Lamb cap mounted on black felt. From the Hat Shop for 5½ Gns.
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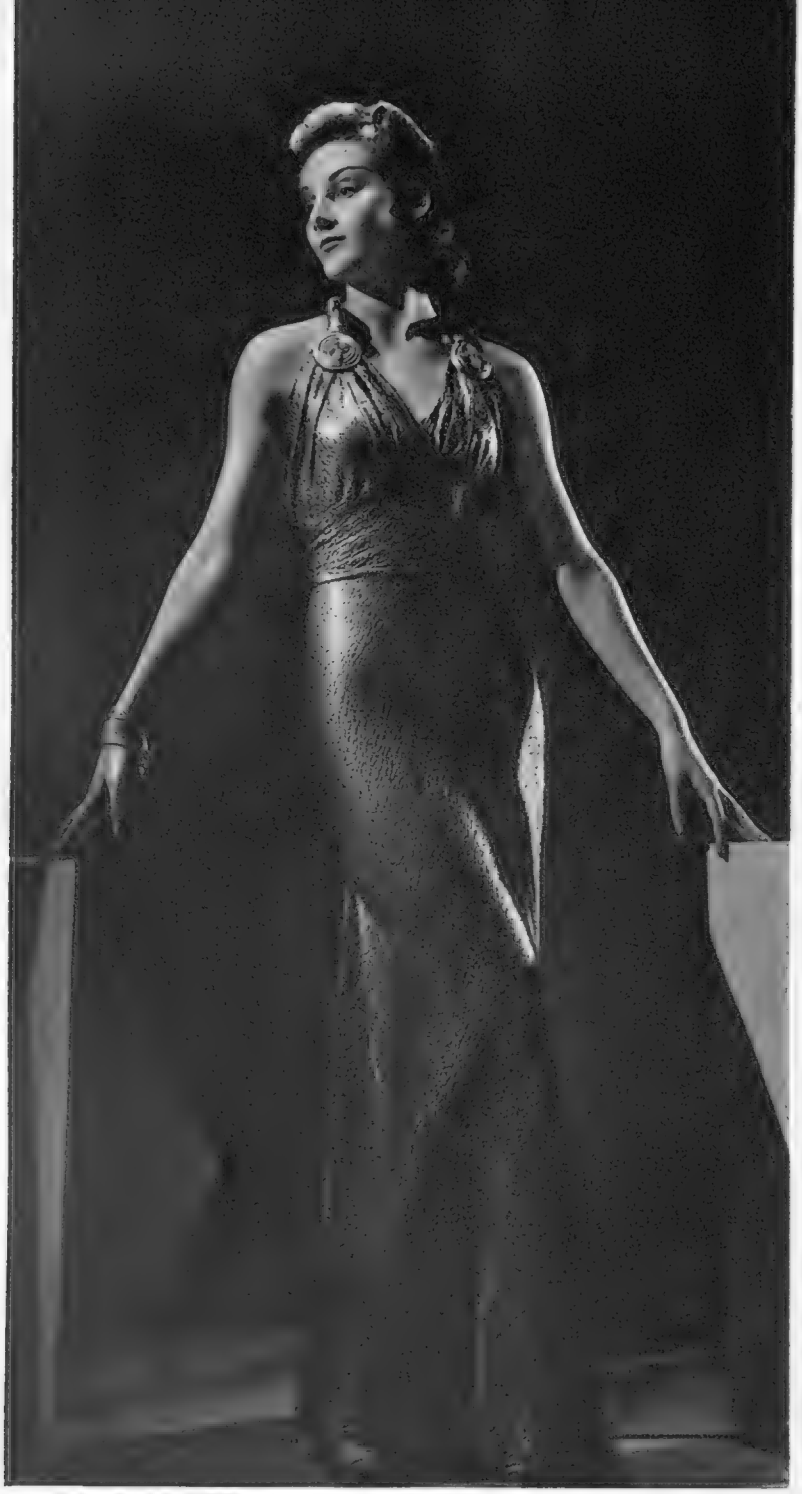
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A NEW FASHION IS BORN



An exquisite gold lamé dress with a halter of rouleaux embroidery set with jade-green stones. Draped into an inset corselet which moulds the figure above the waist, it is also lightly draped at the back. One of the new models at Debenham and Freebody's, it is typical of the form-revealing frocks of this season.

EVERY important new fashion is created by designers who, as artists, are making clothes for perfect figures. Only after the big Collections, which thrill the whole world, are these clothes sufficiently modified for the average woman to be able to wear them. Such modification does them no harm, but quite soon there comes a time when further alteration blurs their line and robs them of their triumphant newness.

That is where the art of the corsetière prevails. By subtle persuasion, aided and abetted by skilful cutting, by the deftest uplift and the gentlest support, she can literally achieve miracles. But she can only do it with your wholehearted co-operation.

Useless to dash in to choose a foundation garment when you have hardly a moment to spare. You wouldn't treat your doctor that way. You wouldn't even buy your shoes in a hurry, if you have any respect for your feet. When it comes to studying not only your appearance, but your poise and general well-being, you should be certain of having all the leisure that you can possibly need. The making and the fitting of a foundation garment is a ritual, and it is one which every *chic* woman observes.

If you are lucky enough to be very slender the whole thing is more simple, but even so you cannot this winter manage to get by with just a casual little belt. All frocks are so exquisitely moulded to the body that absolute smoothness of outline is vitally important.

At Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W., they have the perfect belt or pantie for slender or average figures. They are Dentelle garments in finest two-way stretch lace, charming to look at and very strong, with a front panel of satin to give extra control. The belt, made in peach, white, or blue, costs 69s. 6d., and the pantie, in peach only, is 79s. 6d. They also have a Dentelle foundation garment, brilliantly cut to give perfect under-arm control and to preserve the uplift of the bust. This has a batiste panel widened over the diaphragm—a most necessary aid to that flatness above the waist which is so essential in these days of dresses with draped corsages and the moulded waist and hip-line of the Empire style.

IT is impossible to describe, with justice, the forethought and the marvellous workmanship that go to the making of their Corslo Foundation Garments. Long, so that they give a smooth hip-line, with no hip seam to break the flatness of even the tightest dress, they are made of pure silk elastic fashioned to shape so that they mould the waist and diaphragm into classic beauty.

Every corset stocked by Debenham and Freebody is designed specially for them, and no figure problem is too difficult for them to solve. They have the most charming garments for young and slender people as well as others which will give adequate control to really heavy figures.

Of one thing you can be quite certain. They will be more critical than you are yourself, since they hold themselves responsible for the result, and they will take the greatest pains to ensure that you have the right garment for your particular type, and that it is absolutely correct in every detail. Garments that are made to order are dealt with in their own workrooms, so that alterations to any models are carried out by skilled fitters who are experts in the use of modern machines.

Always have a day and an evening corset. If possible, have at least two of each type so that they need never be worn consecutively. And wash them frequently if you want them to last a long time and to retain their shape.

JOHN EVERARD

FIRESIDE FRIENDS

Heavenly to slip into at the end of a hard day—light and warm and so well cut that it can quite well be worn as a house coat, this negligé in cotton-chenille-velvet is made in white, turquoise, pink, or blue, and costs 69s. 6d. at Harrods, of Knightsbridge. The adaptable collar can be arranged to suit the wearer, and even the generous wrap of the skirt cannot thicken its slender and graceful line.

FLORA ROBSON GATHERS FRESH LAURELS IN " AUTUMN."

In " AUTUMN," the new play at the St. Martin's, stepmother and stepdaughter love the same man. Monica Brooke (VICTORIA HOPPER), the girl, is appalled and horrified to find that her fiancé, Mark (JACK HAWKINS; standing), has been Lady Catherine Brooke's lover. She seeks comfort in the arms of her father, Sir Brian Brooke (WYNDHAM GOLDIE).

A scene of the greatest emotional power is played out between Monica (VICTORIA HOPPER) and Lady Catherine Brooke (FLORA ROBSON) when Monica discovers that the man to whom she is engaged has been the lover of Lady Catherine, her stepmother. Miss Robson's performance as the older woman adds yet another leaf to her crown of laurels.

BY APPOINTMENT

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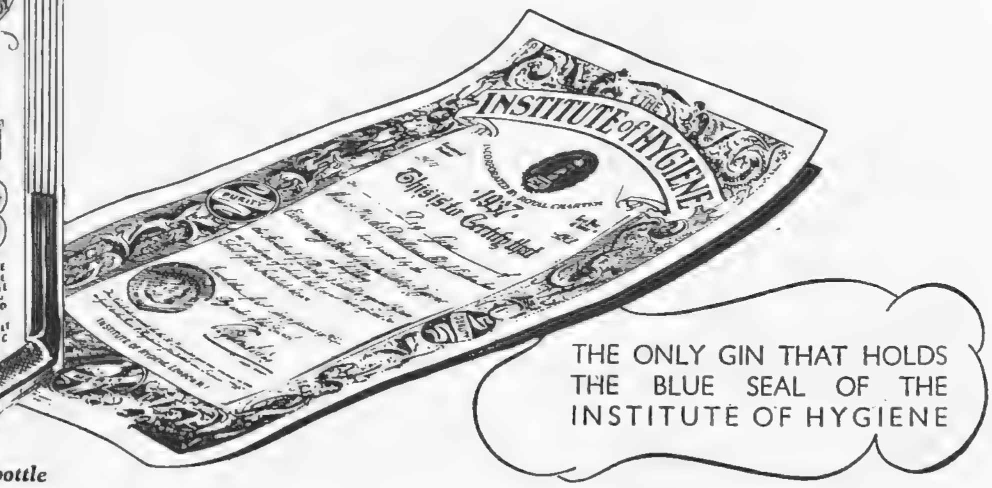

Be sure it's in the hexagon bottle

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C.F.H.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

PIRANDELLO was the first to write of characters in search of an author, but plenty of novelists have described characters who are (for want of a better phrase) in search of themselves. Turgenev, for instance; how many of his weak, charming, artistically-minded heroes bewail their lack of essential personality and vainly look about for ways of strengthening or supplementing it! And such a young man was Nial Stalham, principal character in Miss Elizabeth Sprigge's new novel, "The Son of the House." He was, from some points of view, an extremely fortunate young man, for not only was he heir to a lovely house and a great if impoverished estate, but he had been left a small private income which enabled him to live the kind of life he preferred, a Bohemian and urban one. Moreover, he was not in the sad state of possessing an artistic temperament without an artist's gifts; he had a talent for making woodcuts which his friends recognised, even if his relations did not. All the same, he was far from happy, and when we first meet him, fresh from a tour in America, he was particularly discontented. Nervous irritability nagged at him continually; the mere breath of criticism (and a strong gale of this had for long past set in from the direction of his Aunt Violet) upset him. So he shut himself up in the attic at Coppenhall, at odds with the house and his position in it, with his aunt and the married sister who had been so much to him, even with his father, who treated his vagaries with exemplary patience. And not (as so often happens) because he was annoyed with them, but because he was on bad terms with himself. He looked within, and saw and felt a void. This void, he feared, would never be filled if he succeeded to Coppenhall and tried to discharge his duties as a landowner.

This fine portrait bust of J. B. PRIESTLEY *is on view at the exhibition of recent sculpture by* EPSTEIN *which has just opened at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Priestley has two plays, both dealing with time and relativity, running in London—"Time and the Conways," at the Duchess, and "I Have Been Here Before," at the Royalty. His "People at Sea" (formerly "I am a Stranger Here") will shortly be seen at the Apollo.*

A Woman's Job.

He was capable of friendship, and his lodestone had been till now a certain David, whose influence, however, does not really make itself felt in the story. He was vivacious and even brilliant in conversation, and looked so resolutely at the funny side of himself that no other aspect was visible. It clearly needed a woman to teach him to take himself seriously and assume the burden of a responsible personality, and he found two to undertake the task. Always inclined to rush to extremes, he got engaged, first to Cynthia, then to Rachel.

Cynthia had restored his room to disorder after his aunt had tidied it up: he proposed to her out of gratitude, and jilted her partly from fear of matrimony, partly from pure irresponsibility, and partly because he had already felt that Rachel was his real flame. "I haven't got a great deal of patience with hypersensitive young men who can't control their feelings," said Rachel, when Cynthia asked her to take Nial in hand; but she did, and the clasp grew stronger and stronger. Rachel was subjected to much criticism from Nial's relations, but in the belief that she could do him some good she pocketed her pride. She assured him, and perhaps persuaded herself, that her love for him was maternal; she would educate him, she would make him realise that Coppenhall, which meant so much to her, was an object worthy of all his energies and talents. Her representations did not have quite the effect she intended. She failed to convince him that his life's work lay at Coppenhall, but she roused the lover latent in him, and finally, with much misgiving, yielded herself to the passion she had created. This is the situation a few pages from the end; but Miss Sprigge has a surprise up her sleeve, and by presenting the characters with a totally unexpected *fait accompli*, she alters the whole complexion of the story.

Quick Changes.

The change is so violent that it amounts to a dislocation. Accustomed though we are to unexpected emotional *démarches* on the part of Nial and Rachel, we can scarcely credit this one. It is too much: their hearts must be made of plasticine. However, it all adds to the sense of movement and development and adjustment which is such a life-giving element in Miss Sprigge's story. "Circumstances alter cases" is a true saying, and one which novelists, always apt to work a situation up to breaking-point rather than let it yield to outside pressure, do not sufficiently recognise. But to return to "The Son of the House." Not all the characterisation is equally good. Aunt Violet is rather a stock figure, the elderly, unmarried aunt whose apparent severity to the younger generation conceals a real sympathy. Nial's sister Annabel, unromantically married to a rich business man, is still under the spell of a past attachment, an unnecessary complication, I think, and irrelevant to the story; while David, hitherto the chief influence in Nial's life, scarcely pulls his weight or demonstrates his powers. But Nial himself is a genuine creation and his development a real process, an unusually successful illustration of spiritual growth, contributing both to our knowledge of him and to his understanding of himself. The story takes new life whenever he enters it, and he is never absent for long.

"Some New Planet."

This is another very interesting character-study, and to some extent a parallel one. Hugh Shell, like Nial, is a young man in search of a personality, and in the end he finds it. But the material he has to work on, and the means by which he achieves his aim, are utterly different. He is, in fact, the direct antithesis of Nial, being healthy, hearty, and stupid, without "finger-tips" or even an average insight into other people's thoughts and feelings. Priggishness was prominent in his mental make-up, and the desire to do other people good which so often

[Continued overleaf.

L20.

he hits it
good and hard,
and
you momentarily
lie wondering
if it's a pelvis
or a broken spine . . .

don't you know
the feeling
of relief
when you get up
quite sound
and
some extraordinarily
understanding
fellow . . .

gives you
what
seems to be
yet another
gift from the gods
—a cigarette ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]
accompanies priggishness. He was fairly quick to size people up, but he always sized them up wrong, and he was particularly out (we are led to believe) in his estimate of his brilliant elder brother, Bertrand. Bertrand he regarded as selfish, cynical, a rake, and above all mean over money. (Both brothers were liberally provided with this.) And Bertrand, whom, in spite of evidence to the contrary, I cannot consider a nice character, played up to Hugh's conception of him, and by his ironical and contemptuous demeanour fostered the inferiority complex which was the root of his brother's troubles. Mistrustful of himself, Hugh tried to find a foothold, generally as benefactor, in the lives of other people. He wrote letters to a novelist he had never met, ludicrously, but as I think excusably, mistaking everything his correspondent was, thought, and stood for; he worked in boys' clubs; he sent generous donations to an aunt, which were always returned; he did rescue-work among his women friends, including a (as he believed) cast-off mistress of his brother's, and a girl whose husband had deserted her. But no one was grateful to him, for he had always approached them from the wrong angle and misunderstood their problems. When the story opens, his nearest affinity, Harriet, had abandoned him, and for three years he had had no purpose in life except to keep himself fit. An attack of pneumonia frustrated even this simple ambition, but it brought him, in delirium, a devastating but salutary vision of himself in his true colours.

An Unfair Portrait?

With this illumination the story ends. It is an interesting and original study on a permanently interesting if not original theme—the power of self-deception aggravated by native stupidity. But I think Miss Pamela Frankau loads the dice unduly against her hero. Ordinary life gives a fool more opportunities of realising his folly than it gave to Hugh, I grant that he was thick-headed and thick-skinned, and that, for all his low opinion of himself, he suffered from spiritual pride. But he had an excuse, for everything and everyone conspired to keep him in ignorance, not only of his own true character, but of theirs. Bertrand and Mark Orburn, the novelist, wilfully deceived him; Bertrand by cultivating Hugh's belief in his (Bertrand's) meanness, Mark Orburn by a series of petty deceits. The two women who threw him over were much to blame, for they had awakened the generous impulses which were his main weakness. I feel that Hugh does not get a fair deal, either from life or from Miss Frankau. But I admire her novel, which is tense, well written, and intelligent. Perhaps in time she will soften the impact of her cleverness; at present it dazzles a little, like headlights at night. But it is genuine; and she can describe the feeling of the French landscape, or the sensations of having pneumonia, with the same power and freshness she brings to the analysis of the human heart. Perhaps with more; for, like other novelists whose attitude to their material is primarily intellectual, she sometimes distorts human nature to fit her ideas.

MR. WILLIAM WALTON, *that brilliant British composer, recently scored a great success at the Leeds Musical Festival with his Coronation March and a new choral work, "In Honour of the City of London." He is to conduct the latter at the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra concert at the Queen's Hall on December 1. His well-known compositions include "Façade" (with Miss Edith Sitwell) and "Belshazzar's Feast." He was born in 1902.*

"The Man Who Started Clean."

In this book the quest for a consistent and united personality becomes more urgent and more literal. When Edmund Thorne-Marten had his motor-crash, he completely lost sight of his old identity—that is to say, the identity of a prosperous business man of thirty, who had just, at his uncle's instance, been appointed chairman of a Board of Directors. He lost it completely, and in its stead was born — not without many symptoms terrifying to the onlookers—a new personality, the personality of an infant-in-arms. Under the care of the rather unconventional Dr. Kynaston, this new personality developed rapidly; and within a few months the deutero-Edmund emerged, able to talk, read, and write, at a casual glance not remarkably different from his fellow-men. But in nature and point of view he had really little in common with them, and above all was he different from the first Edmund. He now hated business and business-men, and the whole world as at present organised, or disorganised, seemed to him an abode of criminal lunatics. His views scandalised his uncle, who was relying on this promising nephew to thwart the Bigelow combine; and he was on the point of being turned out of his uncle's house when he himself took the initiative and slipped away in the night.

During his wanderings, sleeping rough and earning his keep by doing odd jobs for strangers, he wrote the account of his awakening impressions—the pangs, as it were, of his rebirth — which is the most remarkable single passage in this remarkable book. In it he also propounded his philosophy of life—a philosophy extremely repellent to his uncle, into whose hands the document soon fell. Kynaston, however, did not despair of restoring Edmund to his normal self. To many, this will appear a misguided undertaking, since Edmund II. is quite clearly a much more estimable human being than Edmund I. But the process by which the fusion is brought about—

The marriage of the MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY *to* MRS. DUDLEY WARD *took place quietly at the Marylebone Register Office last week. The bride wore a "smoke-blue" costume with a red stripe down the sleeves, and a fur collar. She arrived with her brother, Mr. Charles Birkin, and her sister, Mrs. James Seely. The crowd which surrounded her car was so great that the party had to force their way up the register office steps.*

[Continued on page xvi.

This England . . .

Ennerdale, High Crag, and Buttermere—from Great Gable.

THE common life of England has many comforts. Why then do men climb impossible heights in unsavoury weather, to sit in a mist and meditate upon the dangers of their return? Men climb because they must. Whether they scale the heights of a fell or a Fellowship, they are driven by a physical or a mental virility to do the difficult thing—and do it well. Uncomfortable . . . and very English. And so it follows that among the things they do well are their very comforts. To brew an ale as good as Worthington is most difficult, yet this great beer did "scale the heights" of public favour these many years gone, because it was English . . . and well done.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I RECENTLY attended a dinner which is in some respects unique, because of the formality and traditional procedure of an entertaining evening. I refer to the annual dinner of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, the oldest golf club in the world. There were more red coats than black, a survival of the days when the Society of Blackheath golfers actually did play over Blackheath, where the hazards were roads, seats, lamp-posts and pedestrians. The club paid a sovereign a year for the repair of broken lampglass, and players were constrained to employ fore-caddies, who ran ahead, carrying a red flag, to warn pedestrians. Red coats were a necessity in those days, but Blackheath golfers now have their own course, and the coats are rarely worn, except on ceremonial occasions. The Field-Marshal, who is the chief officer of the Club, wearing a red coat with velvet and silver facings, has also two golden epaulettes; the Captain, wearing a similar coat, has only a single epaulette, and if you ask why, I can only say because it is an ancient custom. Upon the tables are medals and trophies, some nearly two hundred years old, silver clubs laden with silver balls bearing the names of golfers whose prowess still survives. Presently a piper appears, followed by a man whirling two bottles of whisky around his head as though he were swinging Indian clubs, to the horror of thirsty guests; and then come waiters with the haggis. They march around the room, the piper is rewarded with about half a pint of whisky, which he quaffs without a blink, and then we all join in the ceremony of whisky-drinking. I am passed a bottle and a small silver quaich, the handles of which are miniature golf clubs. I fill the quaich with the spirit for my neighbour, who stands and bows to me. The guest on his left also stands, so that the guest who is drinking is protected both front and rear. He drains the quaich, turns it over to show it is empty, kisses the cup, and repeats the formality to his neighbour, until it has gone all round the room. It is a courtly old-world custom.

A Captain's Responsibility. The installation of the new captain is equally impressive. A procession headed by the piper, and consisting of the Field-Marshal carrying the Silver Cleek, the secretary carrying the Ebony Cleek, and past captains, marches round the room and back again to the head of the table, where the secretary administers an oath by which the Captain-Elective (as he is called) swears to maintain the dignity and honour of "this Royal Club," to "protect its privileges and to forward the true interests of golf." Mr. G. P. Thornton seals his oath by kissing the Silver Cleek, Mr. Guy Eagleton removes the massive gold medal which is the captain's badge of office, and hands it to Mr. J. Steggall Sawyer, the Field-Marshal, who fastens it around the neck of the new captain. Another unusual and ancient custom is in the presentation of prizes. Only the gross scores are announced, even in handicap events, and the names of those failing to return cards are announced first; then come the highest scores, and at last the winner's name. At the more intimate dinners of the Club, the "Wee Dinners" as they are called, part of the same historic procedure obtains, with the addition of challenges across the table. The captain calls upon members to challenge other members, and matches are recorded by the secretary, the captain receiving half a crown in respect to each challenge, this money meeting the cost of the wines at the dinners.

Avenging a 100-Years'-Old Defeat. All these things are something more than empty formality. They bring home to one the historic traditions of golf, and the days when Blackheath golfers assisted in the formation of such famous clubs as Westward Ho!, Royal Bombay, Royal Calcutta, represented on this occasion by Sir H. Birkmire, their captain, and many other English clubs. There was a reminder of these days when the new captain suggested to Mr. John M. Scott that it was nearly one hundred years ago since Mr. Scott's club, the famous Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society, had opposed Blackheath, and that on the occasion of the Edinburgh Club's second centenary they might like to have their revenge for that defeat at St. Andrews.

The MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT *has just driven across the lake at the sixth hole of the Ranelagh Club course, watched by her opponent, the* HON. MRS. OSMUND SCOTT. *They were playing in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association's "Flag" Competition. The name "Flag" Competition means that players each have allotted to them a certain number of strokes in which to get round. When they have played this number of shots they stick a flag into the ground to indicate their position. Should they complete the round in under their allowance they continue to the nineteenth hole and play on till they have no more shots in hand.*

Worplesdon Foursomes. Another social occasion which proved an unqualified success was the Open Mixed Foursomes. The attendance at Worplesdon, which was decked in its gorgeous autumn hues, was the biggest ever, and the play extremely entertaining. That neither of the reigning Champions reached the final was not altogether surprising in such a hazardous game—and without being uncomplimentary, I do mean hazardous—as mixed foursomes. Mrs. H. M. Heppel, who, as Molly Griffiths, was once a finalist in the Ladies' Championship, and Leonard Crawley deserved their success, but one could not help feeling that there was some disappointment at the failure of Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory to reach the final. Lady Heathcoat-Amory had, as Miss Joyce Wethered, won the tournament on eight occasions, and with such a fine partner as Sir John, it would have been a fitting climax if they could have contested the final. But, like other strong partnerships, they made errors and paid for them, although I cannot believe that Lady Heathcoat-Amory was playing such impeccable golf as once she did. Sir John will in all probability achieve considerable success in the game if he can find time among his many other activities for devotion to golf.

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.*

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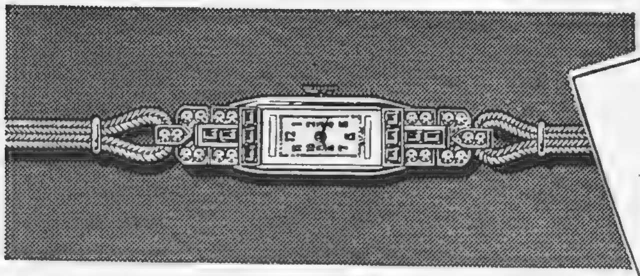

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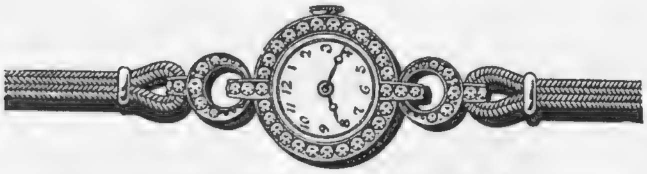

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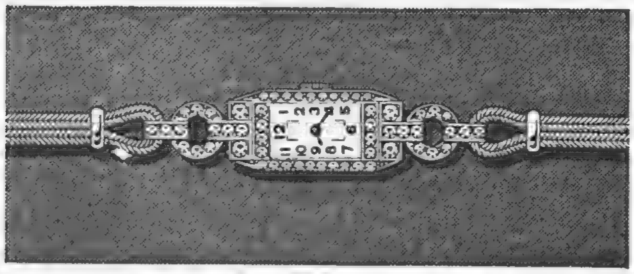

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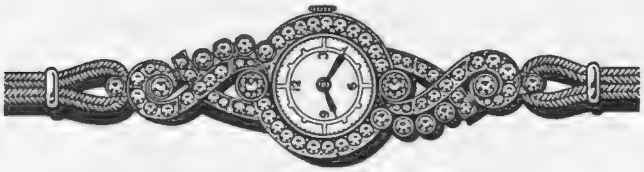

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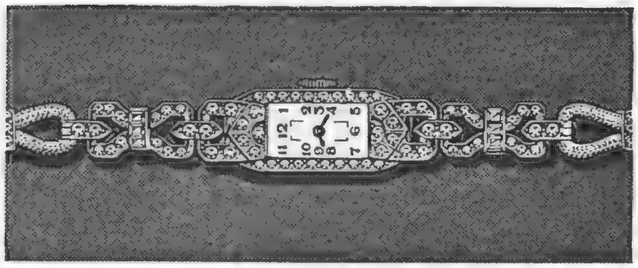

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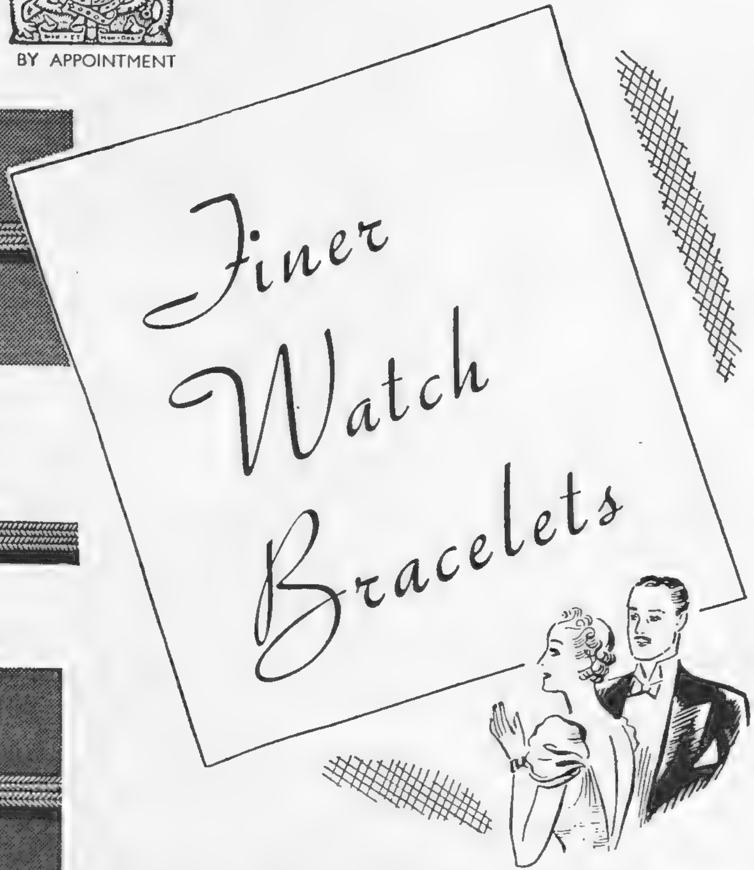

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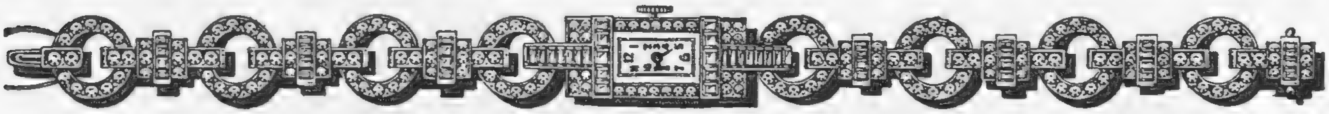

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

WONDERFUL road-holding and a really lively performance were the two points which struck me most when I tried the Morris "Twelve-Four" Series III. saloon. It is a slightly shorter car than the Series II., has an overhead-valve engine and four-speed gear-box. The result is an extremely handy vehicle, with a really roomy body, which will do not far short of 70 m.p.h. and will accelerate rapidly either on top gear or when using the gear-box. The steering is, if anything, even better than on the Series II. "Twelve-Four," and the stiff box-section frame and firm springing allow corners to be taken at least as fast as on a first-rate sports car. The result is that at all speeds and under all conditions, on dry roads or on wet, one enjoys an extraordinary feeling of stability and confidence. The front end of the car remains rock-steady, without any sign of radiator or wing movements. A considerable amount of work has been expended on making the body sound-proof, with the result that there are no rattles or creaks and the engine is almost inaudible.

Very lively is the new "Twelve-Four" Morris, so that one can come straight off a high-powered sports car and yet be quite satisfied with the Morris's pick-up. Those who know the Series II. "Twelve-Four" will have some idea of the performance of the new car when I mention that, from a standing start to 50 m.p.h. through the gears, the new car is about 30 per cent. better. The brakes, of the well-known Lockheed type, are well up to the speed of the car, which is an important point these days of congested roads. The improved rubber engine-mountings appear to eliminate the last trace of vibration, so that the engine runs with remarkable smoothness and the speed can be allowed to fall as low as 4 m.p.h. without shuddering. It is not necessary, in consequence, to have frequent recourse to the gear-lever when driving round corners or in traffic.

The new synchromesh gear-box has easy-change on second as well as on third and top, and is so quiet on third gear that one might easily imagine oneself on top. The gear-change is easily effected and calls for no thought. The new single-plate clutch engages very smoothly, and only a light pedal pressure is required to disengage it.

The riding is good in the front seats, but it seems to me that something more could be done, either in shock-absorber or tyre-pressure adjustment, to give the rear-seat passengers a more comfortable ride when travelling fast. The passengers are well looked after by an effective ventilation system, while an important point is that there really is ample luggage accommodation, so that four people can go away on tour without having the annoyance of suit-cases on the seats.

The luggage-locker on the Series III. "Twelve-Four" is reached from the outside, and the lid lets down to form a substantial platform to carry trunks. The petrol-filler, by the way, now permits of quick filling without splashing back. From an all-round point of view, this latest Morris is a handsome, medium sized car, thoroughly sound in design and construction. The engine has a capacity of 1550 c.c. and is taxed at £9 a year. The price for a four-door sliding-roof saloon body is £215.

The new O.H.V. MORRIS 12-4-H.P., SERIES III. SALOON *in our photograph is posed outside the Post Office at Wytham, near Oxford.*

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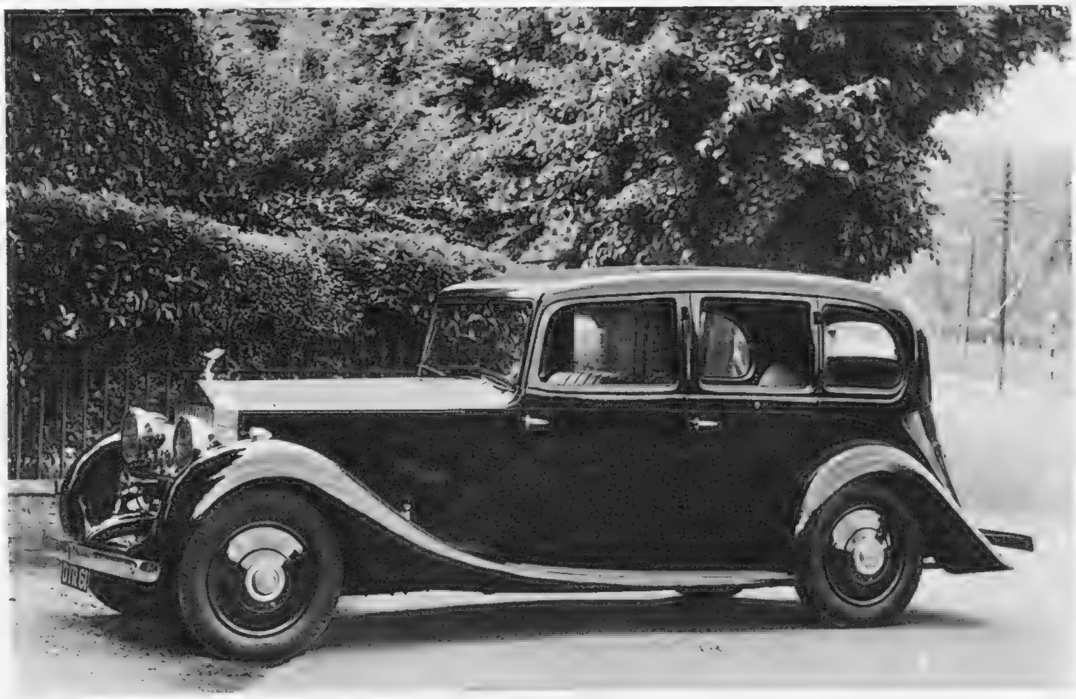

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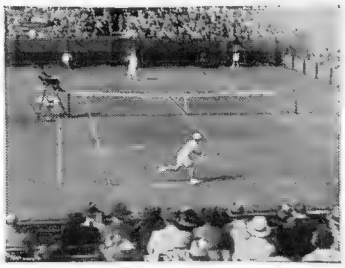

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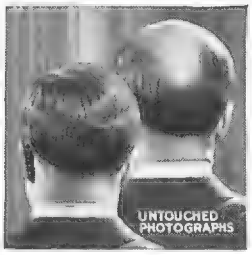

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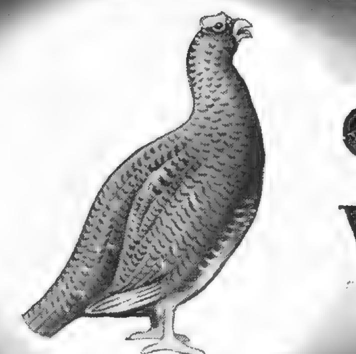

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We will remember them."

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POPPY DAY NOV. 11

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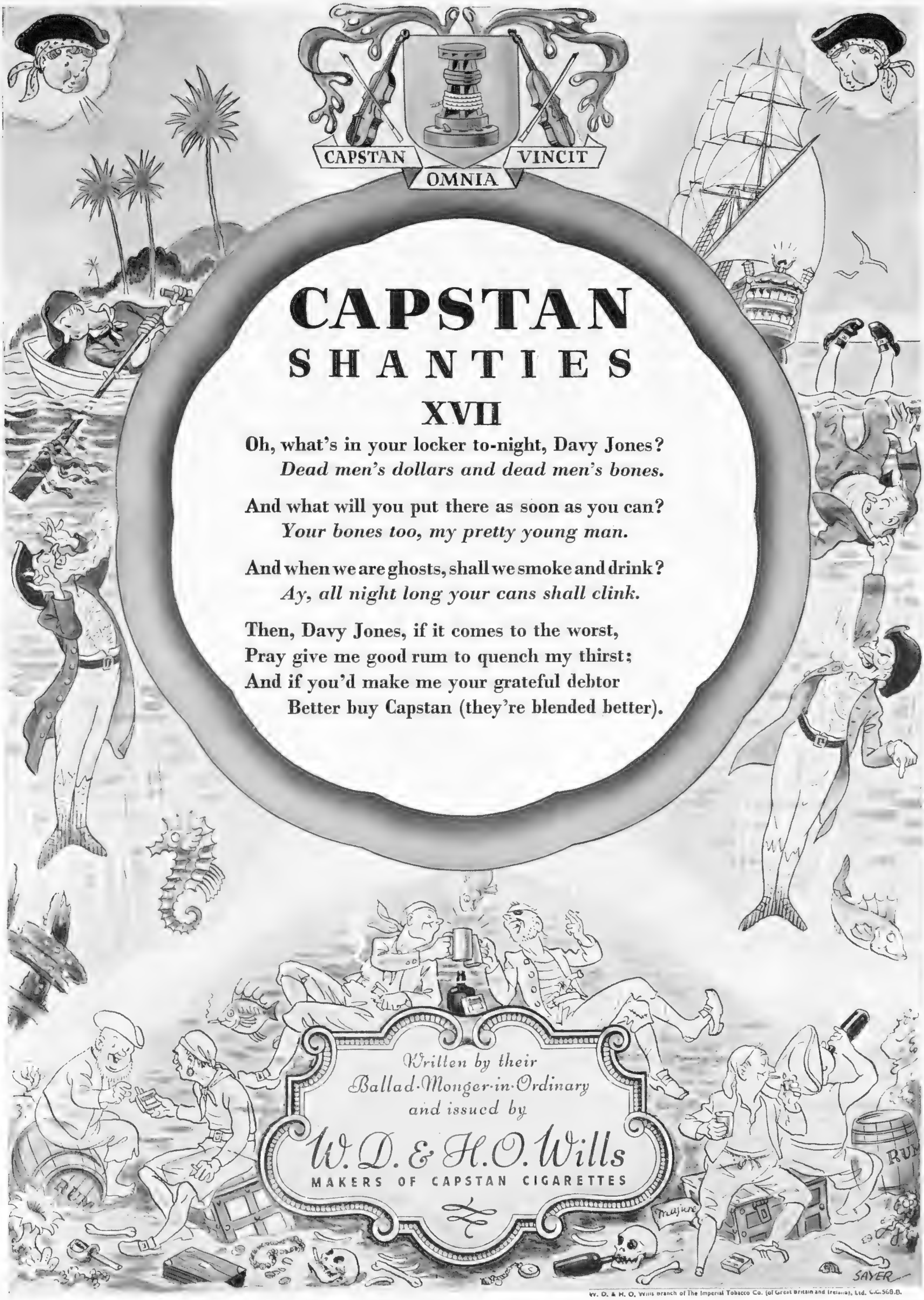

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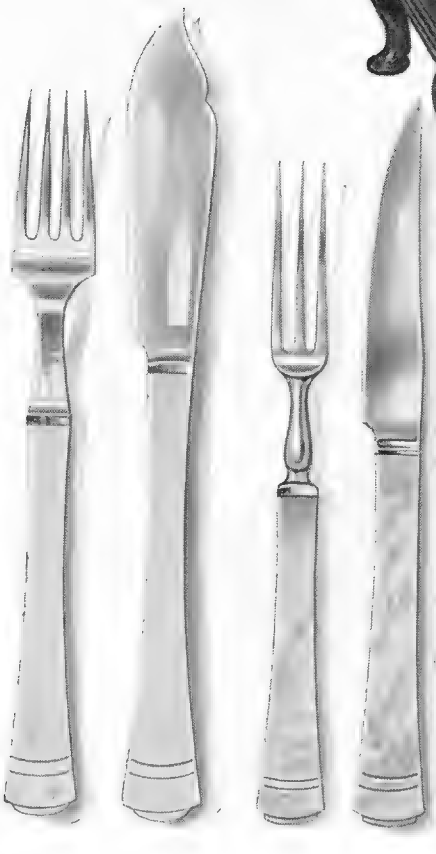

CONTENTS OF CABINET:

6 Table Spoons.
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12 Dessert Spoons.
12 Dessert Forks.
12 Soup Spoons.
2 Sauce Ladles.
12 Pairs Fish Knives and Forks.
1 Pair Fish Carvers.
12 Fruit Knives* and Forks.
12 Tea Spoons.
1 Pair Sugar Tongs.
2 Butter Knives.
12 Table Knives.*
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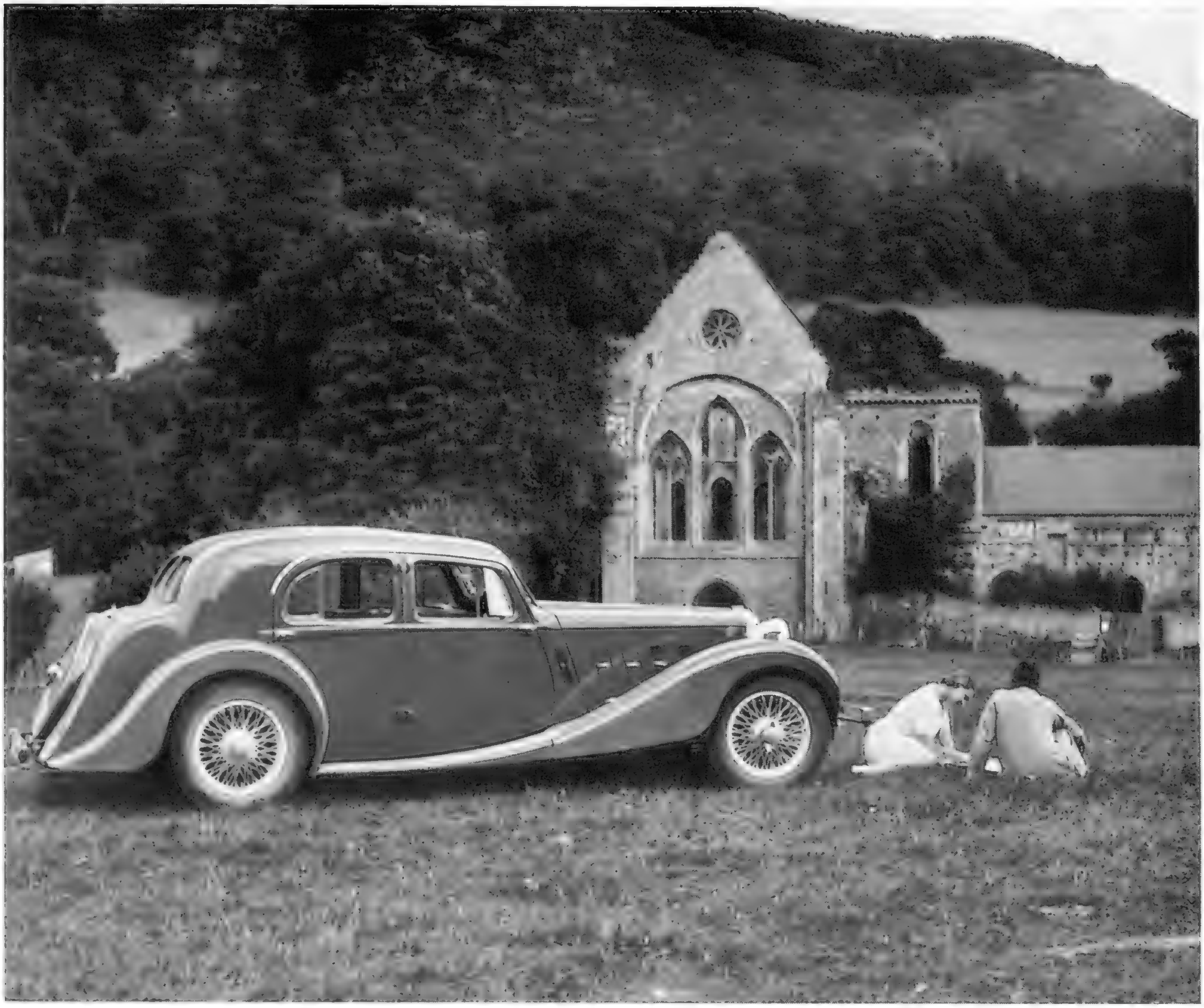

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"BUS-CONDUCTING, and earn my four-pounds - five a week. Either that, or a lift-boy. It 's got to be some job with plenty of ups and downs."

"You want to feel that your Stock Exchange experience hasn't been altogether wasted: is that it?"

"Hardly. We grow so accustomed to constant fluctuations that a life without 'em would be dull and insipid."

"I should have thought that your Stock Exchange markets were dull enough. How do you manage to while away your time in the House ?"

"Oh, I don't know. Cross-words, football pools, confetti, lunch, tea ; varied with doing an occasional bargain. You can always amuse yourself, if there 's absolutely nothing else to do, by watching the American market."

"I 've watched it too long. Why didn't I sell everything six months ago and clear out ? Why didn't I ? Think of the money I should have saved !"

"Not you. Not me either. If we had sold six months ago, what we held then, we should have used the money to buy other things that have fallen possibly as much—or perhaps still more."

"That depends. Anyway, I didn't do it. What do you recommend by way of cure for The Blues ?"

"The rumba, of course. Or the old-fashioned waltz. Not that a fox-trot is to be despised. How about it ?"

"Half a minute. I must just look at one or two limits round the place. Meet me here in five minutes time, and we will seriously review the situation. Got any money ?"

He hurried off to consult experts in various markets in regard—not to limits—but to enquiries raised in half-a-dozen letters he had brought into the House.

"'Sell Sudan Plantations'?" echoed a dealer in those shares. "Whatever for ?"

"My client says he can't understand why the price is so sticky."

"Neither can anybody else. Good dividend ; good yield on the money. What more do you want ?"

"Lots, thanks. But what am I to tell my man ?"

"Tell him that good news is wasted at the present time. And he need not worry if the price does keep sticky. You can go into one market after another round the House and you 'll find the same sort of thing everywhere."

"Yes, you aren't far out there. Here, young fellow, what am I to suggest in your market for a chap who wants to buy Brewery shares ?"

"Client ?"

"Yes. And not a bank."

"Watney deferred. Paid nineteen per cent. last year, and earned nearly twice as much. Is that sound enough for you ? If you would rather have preference shares——"

"How about Distillers ordinary ?"

"Perfectly good. There has been a lot of liquidation in them, and the price has not entirely recovered from the forced selling. But it will."

"What preference shares were you thinking of ?"

"Buchanan Dewar Sixes. Take one of our lists. You get a pretty good selection just now ; not much buying, you know, and people still a trifle cautious of the outlook."

"The reaction went too far, don't you think ?"

"You can see for yourself that it did : that 's why we had a rally. When Americans get over the blues and——Lord ! he seems in a hurry. Bet he 's forgotten a limit. . . ."

"Yes. I 'll come along to-night if you care to. No time like the present. Restaurant or grill-room ? Yes, I agree. A boiled shirt makes it more of an occasion. I 'll ring up for a table," and he dived into "C" Room, demanding a local. . . .

They were well placed for watching the gay and cheery scene. The Hotel maintains an atmosphere of brightness to which nothing that makes for comfort is sacrificed.

"I like that wide front of the few stairs leading down into the restaurant. It makes a wonderful setting to the women's frocks, don't you think ? Look at that party coming along now. Birthday, for a guess."

"Or a wedding anniversary. Jolly nice to feel we can forget there 's such a place as the Black Hole of Throgmorton Street. No shop to-night, mind you ! Hullo, John !"

"Hullo, you chaps : I didn't expect to find you here. Been losing a lot of money ?"

"That 's it, John. Kind of final fling, just to show Fortune that we don't care a damn for her slings and arrows. Are you with that party over there ? On your own ? Come and join us, won't you ?"

"Three 's none."

"Not if you make the third. Waiter !"

The orchestra was playing "Carmen." The spacious room, the crystal balls that caught the electric lights from the chandeliers, the blending of colour from flowers, frocks and furniture, the light-hearted lilt of the talk that went on all around, even the black-and-white of the men's garb, all helped to restore mental perspectives that City affairs tend to distort.

"That 's better," said John, with a sigh of profound relief, as he refilled his glass. "You have a pretty taste in hock, my lad. What 's that ? 'No shop'? Of course not."

The lady at the adjoining table told her partner that she thought he really ought to take up psycho-analysis for the good of his soul. "It 's so — so — soulful," she informed him.

"I dare say it is," commented the man they called John. "But such advice as that, if it is intended to reach us as well as him——"

"Get to know yourself better," she went on. "Oh, fine champagne, please."

"She ought," continued John, "to have a voice more like Sybil Thorndike and less like a thin sheet of tin. It 's not that I want to be ungallant——"

"Tin is less popular now than it was six months ago, eh ?"

"What a drop there 's been in those base-metal shares, hasn't there ! Do you suppose they will ever recover ?"

"Of course they will. Take a front-rank thing like Burma Corporations. You don't mean to tell me——"

"Yes, I do. Not yet, perhaps, but the dividend may have to come down by and by."

"My idea is that a moderate reduction—and it isn't likely to be more than that—is already discounted in the price."

"You might apply the same argument to the Broken Hill shares—Norths and Souths."

"I would apply it to Easts and Wests if there were any. And surely to goodness the drop in copper shares has gone too far."

"You 're thinking of Rio Tinto ?"

"Not so much of Rios as of Roans. On their last dividend, Roan Antelopes pay you a very good income, and the company, even if it lowered this rate——"

"You think it will ?"

"How can anyone say what will happen if copper continues to go down ? But I maintain that Roans are a good lock-up, as a permanent mining investment. The shares look very cheap in their new form."

"Do you happen to know if it was the Roan Antelope that the ant eloped with ?"

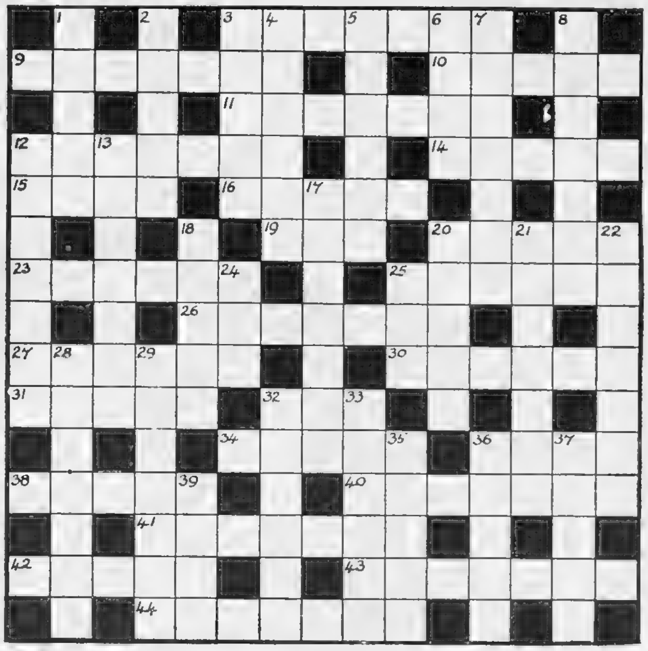
"At the time, you mean, when she saw the hyæna h'eyein' 'er ?"

"My grandmother used to tell me that was a chestnut in her school-days. And I thought you fellows had vowed to keep off stocks and shares ? Oh, look ! That 's good !"

They faced the risen floor and watched the cabaret, which is better sometimes than it is at others. This was one of the former class, as usually happens.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

3. This kind of runner never wins a race (7).
9. A hiker who decidedly shows a tendency to take it easy (7).
10. ". . . In them lies the glory of the woods 'neath Autumn skies" (5).
11. A flower to match that school-girl complexion (7).
12. Classified (7).
14. The manner in which I transact business is perfect (5).
15. To be found in a maze (4).
16. The garden statuary consists mostly of them (5).
19. There seems to be a ring on the turf (3).
20. It appears to have given way (5).
23. "The aspen's leaves a gentle —— stirs" (6).
25. Shall we have a walk by the sea ? (6).
26. A figure (7).
27. It is said to lie in the path of the moon (6).
30. Modern disfigurements of the countryside (6).
31. Cheerful, isn't it ? (5).
32. Included in No. 22 Down (3).
34. As to other merits of the old-fashioned madrigal, opinions differ (hidden ; 5).
36. This animal is often found after No. 18 Down (4).
38. A country diversion (5).
40. A sailor of France (7).
41. No. 18 Down gets wild when with these (7).
42. When the garden is No. 31 Across the fruits do so (5).
43. Stress. (7).
44. Blemishes (7).

DOWN.

1. Sap (5).
2. It seems a very small fish on a table (5).
3. A sweet singer of the wild (5).
4. "Occurs" (anag. ; 6).
5. Contracted (6).
6. Rather an old-fashioned case (4).
7. A well-known land-owner (7).
8. Off the track.
12. Lures for fishermen (7).
13. One over the eight in a game, so to speak (7).
17. Melancholy (7).
18. The sort of comb to *stick* in your hair ! (5).
20. A bit of a flower (5).
21. They called her blessed (7).
22. The fruits of the earth in their season (7).
24. A sorry sort of plant (3).
25. It is reduced to pulp, anyway (3).
28. A questionable fruit, it would seem (7).
29. "The —— oak" (7).
32. It is seen at its best in the country (6).
33. A *willowy* bird, perhaps (6).
35. It is wiser not to rake them up (5).
36. We might perhaps have a little fruit (5).
37. A farinaceous substance of high nutritive value is obtained from the root of the cassava, or tapioca plant (hidden ; 5).
39. There is that in the sound which may make it (4).

EGYPT

'We're on a winner here!'

'That's our horse . . . Number Five . . . If it wins, I'll throw a party at Mena House tonight'

'Oh—lovely . . . And don't forget we're dining and dancing at Shepheard's on Friday. Those nice people we met at Luxor have asked us . . .'

'We're playing tennis at Gezira on Saturday, too'

'And lunch tomorrow at the Semiramis. Isn't Cairo gay?'

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* The climate by day in winter is like June in England. But the nights are fresh, so warm clothes are advisable.

* The English pound is worth its full value in Egyptian currency.

* The comfort of Egyptian hotels is well known, yet they are not expensive. Throughout the season (October to April) special gala nights are held weekly.

* Racing is popular in Cairo and Alexandria, in fact, sport of all kinds is available including duck shooting, snipe shooting, riding and squash.

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2. BY AIR . . . From London to Alexandria. 2 days.

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THE EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 29 Regent St. London S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full information.

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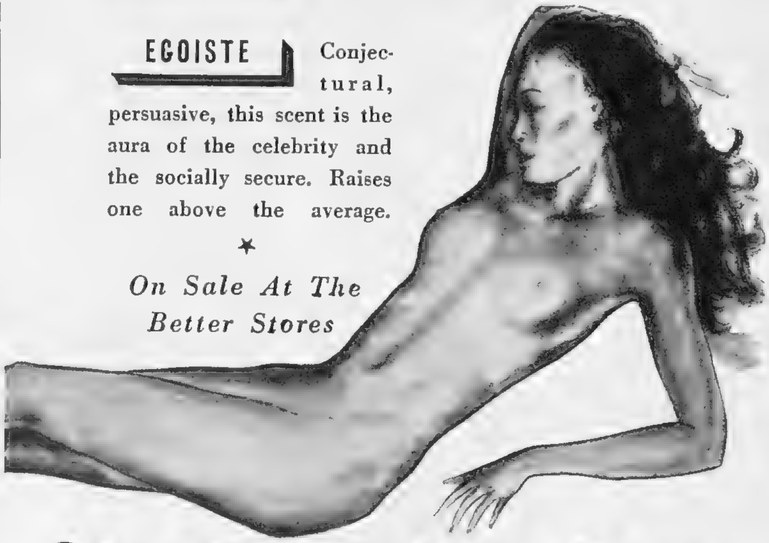

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Continued.]

"Well," said John, at the end of the show, "what next? Spot of shut-eye, eh?"

"The night is young and I'm so beautiful. Must we go home? Come and have a drink at the Club. You don't want to stay on here for the second cabaret, I suppose?"

"Let's go to another one, shall we? There's a certain restlessness about them that appeals to my frazzled nerves."

"You'll have to eat another supper."

"Not at all. They will expect me to pay for it, no doubt, but there's no obligation on me to eat it. We can take a taxi if you'd rather not walk."

The dancing-floor was crowded, and from the look of the Restaurant it seemed doubtful whether the friends would be able to get a table. One was found for them, however, and then began the task of deciding what not to eat. This demands a nicer discrimination than is ever required in the opposite direction. The Restaurant is a good deal smaller than is that of the Savoy.

"I wonder how many of the men in here," said John, surveying the visitors, "have escaped being hipped in one way or another by the slump in Americans?"

Two or three men looked round at him rather sharply, and he wished that he had spoken in a lower tone.

"If we only knew, I dare say we should be surprised at the comparatively small number who are affected by Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini all put together."

"You think that, do you? I should say there are not many people with interests in stocks and shares who owe any thanks to one or other of the Dictators. There's been a very general drop, you mustn't forget, and due mainly to this trio."

"Do you think that Roosevelt realises the harm he has done to his own country by his variegated policies?"

"No, I don't. But when you consider the losses and the anxiety that the Yankee slump brought about in almost every market—Stock Exchange, Metal, Rubber, and goodness knows what else—it does make you wonder whether he is the right man in the right place. But we shall get over this crisis, just as we have done with others in the past."

"Can you see the green light of investment encouraging the public to go into your markets?"

"Yes, I can. It's a bit amberish at the moment, but there's money about, you know. Think of the prosperity of the country. Look at—yes, look at that."

For an hour the cabaret went on, amusing, high-spirited, clever, and free from any suspicion of being over-clothed. Then John looked at his watch.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you realise what the time is! And I promised to be at the golf-club before ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"'This' morning it is now. But how about going on to see another cabaret?"

"Just what I want—a taxi-cabaret this time. Thanks very much for letting me come to the party. Good night."

"Funny how some people misuse quite ordinary words, isn't it? He calls it a 'party.' Why, even the smallest grandchild knows it can't be a party unless you have jam. 'Party,' forsooth!" *Friday, Oct. 22, 1937.*

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCTOBER 20.

ACROSS.—1. Vandyke. 5. Grating. 9. Lettuce. 10. Sea-mews. 11. Map. 12. Acre. 13. Fair. 14. Interns. 16. Talon. 17. Medoc. 18. Guide. 22. Agape. 25. Re-enter. 26. Ends. 27. Stet. 29. Dot. 31. Staines. 32. Illicit. 33. Dentist. 34. Numbers.

DOWN.—1. Valiant. 2. Natural. 3. Your. 4. Eremite. 5. Gosport. 6. Alas. 7. Iceland. 8. Gastric. 14. Inter. 15. Smear. 18. Greased. 19. Indrawn. 20. Dead Set. 21. Station. 23. Article. 24. Estates. 28. Anti-. 30. Plum.

THE CAVIARE TRICK.—(*Continued from page 164.*)

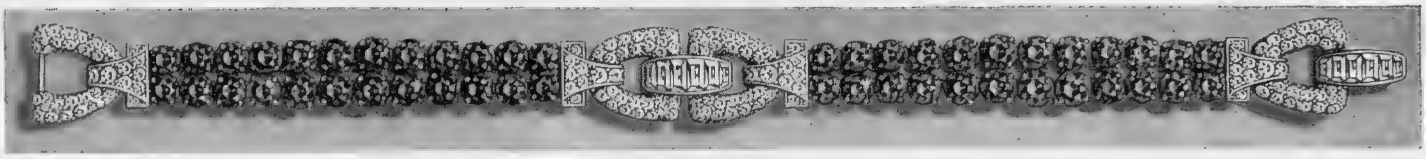
then mistakes like that couldn't occur." He saw the same thing happening over and over again until he was ruined. His mind must be failing to have made such a mistake, he told us when, a minute or two later, Kennedy and I departed.

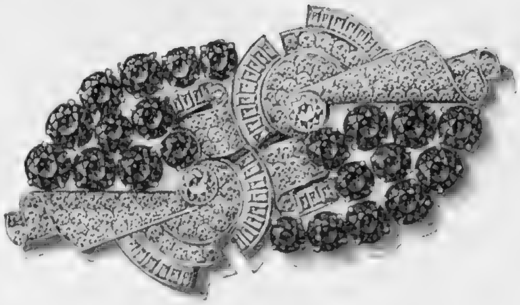
By that time it was nearly half-past two. I would have to hurry to get to my next appointment in time. Old Lady Woodal, who wanted to alter her will for the fiftieth time, would get hysterics if she were kept waiting. There was a bad block in Shaftesbury Avenue, and to save time I walked as far as the bus stop in Piccadilly. As I clambered on top of a No. 14, who should I see sitting in front of me but the red-faced woman and her daughter. I got a glimpse of her face as she turned to the conductor to buy two tickets for Walham Green. Not wishing to become involved in her grievances again, I hastily hid my face behind my evening paper.

"Gawd, I do feel sick!" the girl broke the silence. "Why can't he pick on something nice, instead of stuff like that fish jam?"

"Ellen, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" her mother replied. "Grumbling like that when your poor father's trying to do his best. 'Tain't many men who'll go straight and try and help their families after a long stretch like that. And you ought to be proud to help your brother, too. You heard what his boss said to him yesterday. 'Jones,' he said, 'I can't think how you manage it. Here you are getting contracts every day from places we've been trying for years. I've never had a young man like you,' he said, 'for menu-printing contracts.'" [THE END.]

BY APPOINTMENT





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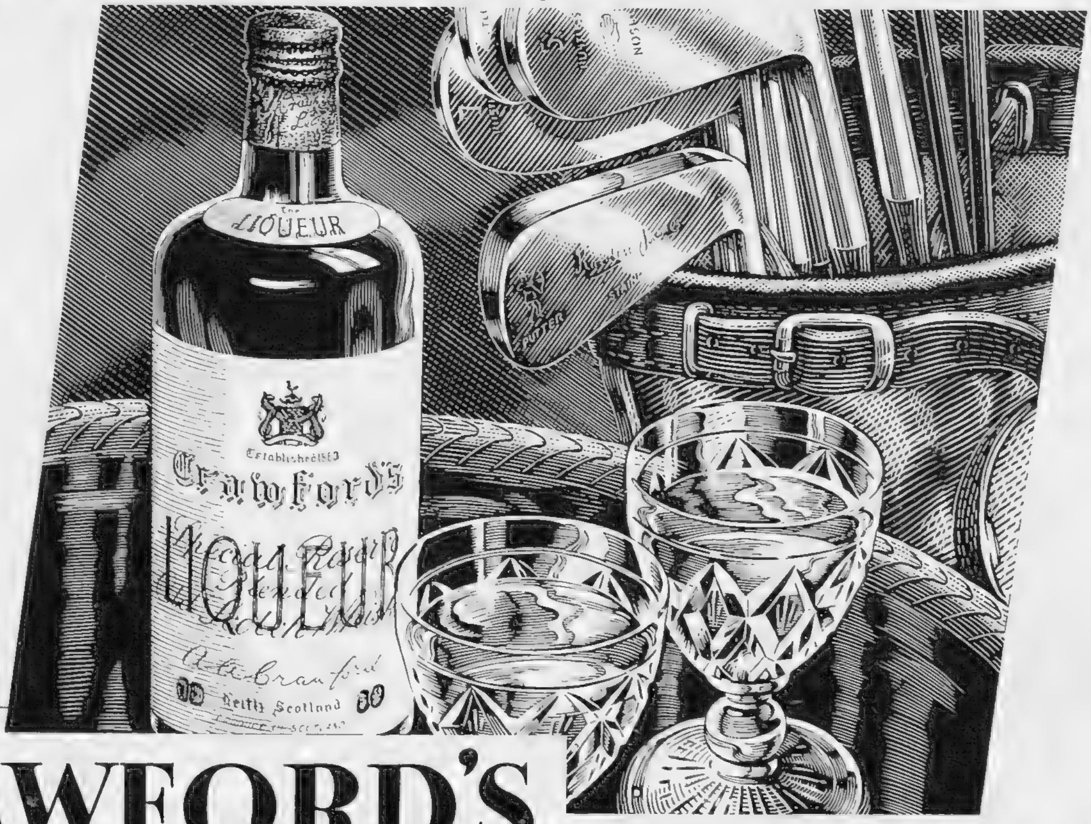

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXII.

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE FOURTH-BEST LEAD EXPLAINED!

OUR old friend the lead of fourth best is always cropping up, or, indeed, it must be confessed it is for ever with us, for you cannot find the published play of any bridge hand without that lead being given (provided the hand allows for it); given as the automatic lead, too. It comes under what I call "of course" play, thus: "Of course, North leads his fourth-best spade or what not." Our English writers and experts have got this "of course" lead so deeply imbedded in their systems that nothing will make them consider for a moment that, after all, this lead is not what it's cracked up to be; that it holds no place in a game like bridge; that, in short, it is as bad a lead as can be made. This is strange, for we have many good writers, good players, and deservedly well-respected experts at bridge over here, yet one and all (with possibly an exception or two) hang on to this fourth-best lead and put it into their "of course" leads. Now, I have come across some curious arguments in favour of this lead, but the strangest of all is from the pen of a well-known and prolific writer on the game.

This subject has been thrashed out more than once before in my notes, so I can but hope I do not bore by giving two very ordinary examples of the absurdity of this lead—so absurd that the lead just makes declarer's game a lay-down. (Incidentally, the double-dummy hand shown last week is a good example of this.)

SPADES—8, 7, 4.
HEARTS—3, 2.
CLUBS—Q, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
DIAMONDS—3, 2.

B

SPADES—A, Q, 9, 5, 2.
HEARTS—K, Q, 5, 4.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—K, Q, 8, 4.

Y Z

SPADES—10, 6.
HEARTS—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.
CLUBS—Kn, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9.

A

SPADES—K, Kn, 3.
HEARTS—A, 6.
CLUBS—A, K, 10, 9.
DIAMONDS—A, 7, 6, 5.

The contract is three no-trumps by A. Y, "of course," leads the five of spades. Now, since the three and four of spades are in sight, and as Y has led his fourth best, he can at most not have held more than five spades. Well, Z played the ten, which A took with the knave. He now led out ace, king of clubs, and when Y failed, he saw that his own clubs must block dummy's if he goes on with the suit and takes with the queen. So his next lead was the king of spades, thus making Y a present of his advertised four that remained. On one of these he discarded a club, and thus was able to make six clubs, one spade, heart, and diamond.

Y

SPADES—K, Kn, 9.
HEARTS—A, x, x, x.
CLUBS—A, x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, x, x.

A B

SPADES—10, 8, 2. [x, x.
HEARTS—Q, Kn, 10, x,
CLUBS—Q, Kn.
DIAMONDS—Q, Kn.

Z

To a three no-trump contract by A, Y led the six of spades. Now, six from eleven leaves five, and there are those five cards, which are better than the card led, in view; for, "of course," Y has led his fourth best. Thus dummy's ten of spades *must* win trick one, and A must make contract. At trick two, B's queen of hearts is led; if the finesse fails, A must win five hearts and either two spades, clubs, or diamonds, depending on what Y leads, and so make nine tricks in all; if the finesse holds, six hearts, one spade, and two aces are made.

Here is the hand which is made out to be the final word on the great advantage of leading fourth best—

SPADES—K, Q, 4.
HEARTS—A, Kn, 6.
CLUBS—K, 9, 7, 6.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 4, 3.

B

SPADES—9, 5, 2.
HEARTS—10, 8, 3.
CLUBS—4, 3.
DIAMONDS—A, K, 7, 6, 5.

Y Z

SPADES—8, 7, 6, 3.
HEARTS—9, 7, 4, 2.
CLUBS—A, 5, 2.
DIAMONDS—8, 2.

A

SPADES—A, Kn, 10.
HEARTS—K, Q, 5.
CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, 8.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9.

Against a three-no-trump contract, Y leads the *six* of diamonds! YZ, of course, are bound to win four diamonds and the ace of clubs; but if anybody will tell me how that happy result came about because Y led the six of diamonds instead of the seven or five, I will give up playing bridge.

By the way, there is one "of course" about the lead of fourth best. Declarer, to take full advantage of the all-important information this lead gives him, must be able to deduct a given figure from eleven, and he must be able to take note of the denomination of the cards of the suit led that are in view; this is not difficult, but our experts do not think the average declarer is capable of the feat.

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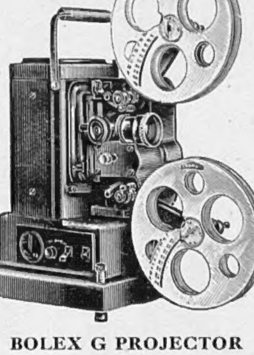

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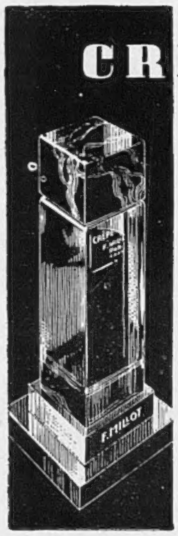

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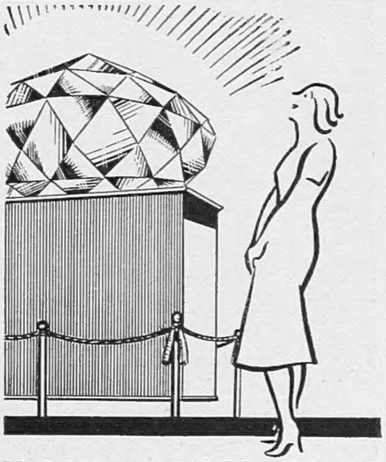

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER—*(Continued from Page 192.)*

a process in which the actress Paula, an important figure in both Edmund's incarnations, plays a leading part—is fascinating to the general reader, and might, for all I know, be interesting to the professional neurologist.

"Quickly Dead." One can open a book by Mr. Belton Cobb confident that one will find all the essential qualifications of a good detective-story; and one's confidence will not be betrayed by "Quickly Dead." The method of the crime is certainly possible, though the majority of would-be murderers might not care to trust to such a plan; and the motive is adequate, though it would better fit a nature more passionate than the murderer's. Detective-Inspector Burmann, who takes the reader with him down several blind alleys, is more human than most sleuths and more likeable; his quarrel with Superintendent Cox is natural as well as fortunate. But it is in the matter of the alibi that Mr. Cobb scores his most pronounced success. The trick is simple, but there will not be many readers who can see through it, even with the help of Mr. Cobb's occasional hints.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Son of the House. By Elizabeth Sprigge. *(Collins; 7s. 6d.)*
Some New Planet. By Pamela Frankau. *(The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)*
The Man Who Started Clean. By T. O. Beachcroft. *(Boriswood; 7s. 6d.)*
Quickly Dead. By Belton Cobb. *(Longmans; 7s. 6d.)*

We regret that in our issue dated June 23 we wrongly attributed the Dublin Gate Theatre's production of "Victoria Regina" to Lord Longford's Players. We should have said that the play was produced by the Dublin Gate Theatre Productions.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"TAKE IT EASY" (Palace). 6.20 and 9.—Gene Gerrard and Barbara Blair.

"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A big musical spectacle.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a double triangular drama.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30.—A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Shirley Temple on the North-West Frontier.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of escape and pursuit in revolutionary Russia, starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich.

"CONFESSION" (New Gallery).—Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone in a story of mother-love set in modern Austria.

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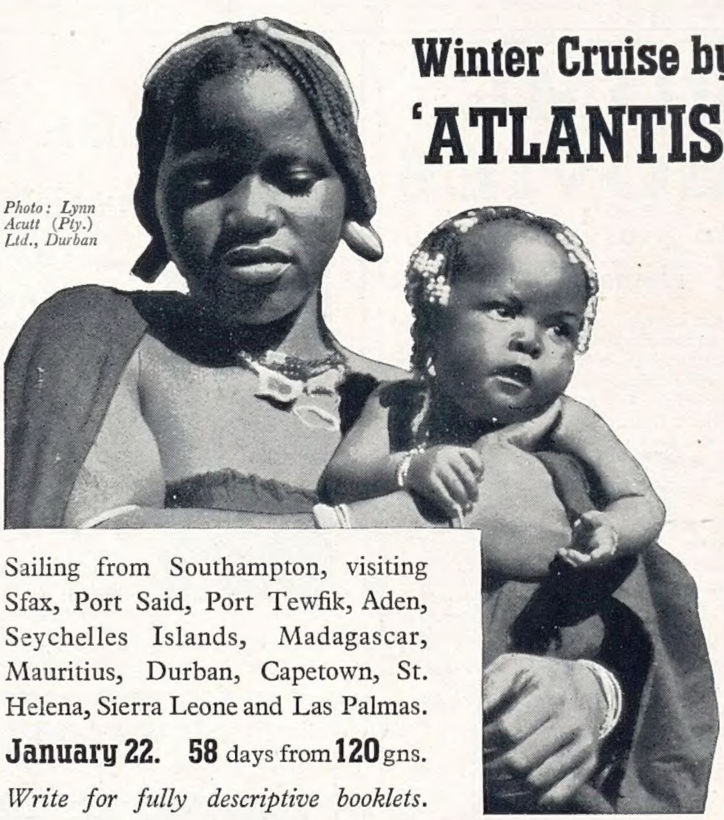

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